

FLOWERS OF POETRY;

CONTAINING

SELECTIONS FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,

WITH SOME

ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS;

COMPILED FOR THE

INSTRUCTION OF THE RISING GENERATION,

BY

AN ADMIRER OF POETRY.

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PREFACE.

THE following selection of Poetry is not confined to moral and religious subjects, but includes pieces descriptive of Nature in all her paths. On the utility of such a work, and the importance of Poetry, as a means of intellectual improvement, the Publisher has been favoured with the following remarks by the Rev. T. D. Schomberg, Vicar of Polesworth.

Poetry possesses such charms for the youthful mind, that it never wearies by repetition; and thus becomes too deeply impressed upon the memory ever to be forgotten. The noblest lessons of morality, and the most important doctrines of our holy religion, may, in this manner, be insinuated into their minds, becoming almost a part of themselves, and influencing by its secret power the whole course of their lives.

Nor are the attractions of Poetry superficial. It not only captivates the mind by its grace and beauty, but it has a tendency, by its own intrinsic excellency, to refine and exalt the affections. Good Poetry is the offspring of refined thought, and the mind that delights in the study of it, cannot fail to become the storehouse of refined sentiments. The mind judiciously cultivated by Poetry is like a garden filled with flowers of richest fragrance, shedding a sweet influence over the whole train of its ideas.

The study of Poetry not only affords pleasure to the mind, and adorns as well as enriches the understanding, but from the facility with which its oft repeated lessons offer themselves to the memory, it becomes a powerful

safeguard against the inroad of sudden temptation ; and like a swift winged messenger offers the most important advice at this critical moment. It speaks, and often speaks with success, when no other monitor would be heard.

The study of Poetry not only affords pleasure and instruction in its perusal ; not only enriches the mind itself with the purest and most refined thoughts ; not only affords enjoyment in solitude and retirement, as well as in the social circle ; but religious Poetry—the Poetry of the Bible, the sublimest of all poetical compositions, has been found the greatest consolation in old age, when the mind shut out from the active pursuits of life, requires some stimulus from within —It is at such a time when the intellectual powers are themselves incapable of much exertion, that the strains of Poetry with which the mind had been deeply imbued in youth, offer themselves without effort, to cheer and enliven the closing shades of declining years ; even in the hour of death, and amidst the pains and afflictions of the body, the departing spirit has been cheered with the recollections of Poetry, which have shed a light on the soul, as it sped its way to the realms of bliss. And not, unfrequently, with the favourite hymn, or the oft repeated verse, has the dying Christian concluded those songs of praise in the house of his pilgrimage, which he hopes to resume in the mansions of glory.

19TH DECEMBER, 1847.

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FLOWERS OF POETRY.

FAITH.

O FOR a faith as firm, unmoved,
As his the "friend of God,"
Who, firmly with the child he loved,
Moriah's mountain trod ;
And bound his son, and raised his hand,
Obedient to his Lord's command.
Or his, Arabia's tempted son,
Surcharged with various woes ;
His children dead, his riches gone,
In pain and sickness low ;
From whose pale lips in anguish burst,
Though he should slay me, Him I'll trust.
But, Lord, to me thy wayward child,
Still prone to choose the wrong,
With guilty thoughts and words defiled,
Do such high things belong ?
Yea, is it not deep pride of heart
Which bids such lofty wishes start ?

Oh ! humbler things in thy dear word
 Are fitter far for me ;
 Yet there, the humblest prayer prefer'd.
 Was heard and mark'd by thee :
 Both, " If thou canst," and, " If thou wilt,"
 Were granted, though on doubting built.

Thou art unchanged —thy gracious ear,
 Still lists the cry of grief;
 " Lord I believe"—oh, deign to hear !
 " Help thou mine unbelief:"
 I know—I know thou wilt not spurn,
 One who before thy cross would mourn.

Increase my weak, my wavering faith,
 Fix it on Thee alone ;
 Lead me to conquer sin and death,
 And foes to me unknown ;
 Feeble and faint my cry may be,
 Yet, Lord, I still would cling to Thee.
M. A. Stodart.

SUBMISSION.

O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me,
 except I drink it, thy will be done.—Matt. xxvi. 42.

Is there no way but this, most gracious Lord ?
 Must every earthly tie thus sever'd be,
 Ortwined around with thorns ? Is there no spot
 Whereon my wearied spirit may repose,
 My wounded heart, in sweet affection's balm
 Be steep'd awhile, ere its pulse shall throb ?
 Thou know'st Lord—thou only know'st—

The inward depths of that deceitful font,
Where many a sin lies sleeping, but not dead.
Then let me humbly bend my will to thine,
My righteous Lord, my Father and my God.
Nor comfortless. If through this dreary world
Thou see'st it meet that I should struggle on
In loneliness of spirit, still unsoothed
By human love, uncherished by earthly hope,—
O deign to let thy Spirit dwell with me,
Shewing me evermore thy hand of love !
Thou knowest, Lord, my heart's deep bitterness—
Its griefs, its sins, its struggles, all thou seest.
In utter helplessness to thee, I come,
My Saviour. O, my Saviour, aid me now ;
Let the full sense of thy unchanging love
Rest on my spirit with abiding power :
That so my yearning heart, cleaving to thee,
May never pine for that which thou deniest.
Give me thy peace—that satisfying peace
Which thou alone canst give, but given,
No power can take away, sinful and weak,
Unworthy of the least of thy rich mercies,
Still would I cast myself on thee for all.

THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS.

Half screen'd by its trees in the Sabbath's calm
 smile, [stands!
 The Church of our Fathers, how meekly it
 Oh, Villagers, gaze on the old hallow'd pile—
 It was dear to their hearts, it was rais'd by
 their hands.

Who loves not the ground where they worshipp'd
their God?

Who loves not the ground where their ashes
repose?

Dear even the daisy that blooms on the sod,
For dear is the dust out of which it arose!
Then say, shall the temple our forefathers built,
Which the storms of long ages have batter'd in
vain,

Be abandon'd by us from supineness or guilt—
O say, shall it fall by the rash and profane?
Go, perish the impious hand that would take
One shred from its altar, one stone from its
towers!

The pure blood of Martyrs has flowed for its sake
And its fall—if it fall—shall be reddend'd with
ours.



STANZAS.

The Lord hath need of them.—MATT. XXI. 3.

O words of wonder! Saviour, can it be,
Thine own hands works are needful thusto thee?
What didst thou need when sojourning on earth?
One of the brute creation, little worth.
To bear thee on thy way. What didst thou need?
With lowly wonder shall thy children read,
A rest the well beside—a fig to eat—
A little water to refresh thy feet—
Draught from the well, his burning thirst to slake,
The floor of some poor barn his bed to make—
A pillow for his head—Were these the things
Needed awhile by Him, the King of Kings!

What, did he need God's counsels to fulfil?
 Christain, reply, with deeper reverence still:
 From all earth's boundless wastes and forests
 wide,

One cross of wood there to be crucified—
 A crown of thorns—a robe of mockery's die—
 All to fulfil the ancient prophecy.
 Yea, it must be fulfilled. He needed all:
 The dying thirst—the vinegar and gall;
 The hand of friendship that, 'mid twilight's gloom
 Should take him from the cross, and lay him in
 the tomb.

But this is past; and all heaven's host once more
 Throng round their king in rapture to adore:
 Blest, self-existent, with a crown of light,
 A robe of glory, and an arm of might,
 What needst thou? The feeble ones of earth
 Thine to become by new and heavenly birth.
 O, ask we what he needs? We dare reply,
 The tear of penitence, the suppliant's sigh.
 Christian, thy Lord has need of thee. Awake!
 And bear and suffer all things for his sake.
 He needs thy all: thy body, spirit, soul,
 All to be subjected to his control:
 Thy thoughts, thy memory, speech, and song,
 and lyre,

Bring all to him, that he may all inspire:
 O give not up thyself to aught beside;
 He needs thee who for thee was crucified.
 What would ~~he~~ have, heaven's harmony to swell?
 Thy voice of praise, the history *thou* canst tell,
 O, can it be, his bliss is not complete
 Till every ransom'd one has claim'd his seat.
 Till every voyager the wave has past,
 And every crown before his feet is cast?

And hast thou need of us? Lord, let us see
Our infinite, unceasing need of thee.

Miss Emma.

THE WAY-SIDE FOUNTAIN.

I pass'd, as once I journey'd on a long and lone-
some way,
A fountain, form'd that travellers might their
fever'd thirst allay;
By ancient trees t'was shadow'd o'er, and plea-
santly it stood.
And ever from its side did pour a cool, and
chrysal flood.

And many way-worn pilgrims, by the noon-
tide heat oppress'd,
Had halted near the gushing stream to pass
their hour of rest;
Unsandall'd were their swoln feet, each scrip
was laid aside.
And gratefully they kneel'd to drink the reno-
vating tide.

And some were there whose feet were soil'd in
travel from afar,
And some whose hands were marked with
stains, acquired in recent war;
Bending beside the cleansing stream they
wash'd each stain away,
And blessing him that built the fount, pro-
ceeded on their way.

Beside the grateful shade apart, a widow'd mother staid,
Beneath the soft and verdant turf, her only son was laid;
"Fair is thy resting place," she said, as through her tears she smiled;
"Would I were with thee laid beneath that pleasant sod, my child."

A graven tablet o'er the fount in grateful accents told
Of some whose friendly hands repair'd it, when defaced of old:
Defiled and choked had been the stream—the spoiler they withstood,
In its defence the best of earth had pour'd their valued blood.

England!—this fountain is thy Church; for ages hath she been
To thy sinning, sighing, sorrowing sons a soul-refreshing stream;
Pleasant have been the hours they pass'd beneath her holy shade,
And round about her hallow'd walls their best beloved are laid.

Again the spoiler threatens; canst thou guiltless stand to see
Polluted or impair'd the fount thy fathers left to thee?
They to their sons the sacred trust unsullied did resign;
See that thou fail not to bequeath it unimpaired to thine.

STANZAS.

I do set my bow in the cloud ; and it shall be for a token
of a covenant between me and the earth—Gen. ix. 13.

As when the blue autumnal sky
Is clad in cloudy drapery,
The garment of a storm ;
And every thing is dark and drear,
Each rain-drop is a falling tear,
And nature seems to mourn.

So when the spirit breathes within,
Teaching the sinfulness of sin,
And what its wages are,
Sorrows o'erwhelm the guilty mind ;
A guide we need, but cannot find,
The "bright and morning star."

But nature's smile is soon restored,
The weeping for her absent Lord
So quickly dried away :
He darts his ray again to show
That God still paints the mystic bow
To bid the waters stay.

For he in pity deals with man :
The "smoking flax" he loves to fan,
And bind "the bruised reed ;"
His Spirit guides our wand'ring feet
To Jesus Christ the Mercy-seat,
Our help in every need.

RELIGION.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
The fainting traveller wends his way ;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet to stray.

Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain ;
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life's a pilgrimage of pain

'Tis mild religion from above
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise 'mid the storm.

Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod :
She makes the humble, contrite heart
A temple for the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright, celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach the grave appears,
The gate of paradise restored ;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double flaming sword..

Baptized by her renewing fire
May we the crown of glory gain ;
Rise when the lights of heaven expire,
And with Jehovah ever reign.

J. Montgomery.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BIBLE.

O, NEVER on this holy book
With careless, cold indifference look ;
'Tis God's own word ; and they who read
With prayful hearts and reverent head,
Shall gain from each unfolded page
A blessing for their heritage.
If thou art sad, come here and find
A balm to soothe and cheer thy mind ;
If thou art merry, here are songs
Meet to be sung by angels' tongues—
Meet to be sung by sinful men,
For whom the Lamb of God was slain ;
If thou art rich in things of earth,
Learn here thy wealth is nothing worth ;
If thou art poor, this precious mine
Hath countless treasures—they are *thine* !
Dost thou lack wisdom ? look herein,
And surely thou shalt wisdom win—
Wisdom to guide thee on the road
Which leads, through faith in Christ, to God.

THE SIMPLICITY OF THE GOSPEL.

O now unlike the complex works of man,
 Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan !
 No meritricious graces to beguile,
 No clustering ornaments to clog the pile ;
 From ostentation as from weakness free }
 It stands like the cerulean arch we see }
 Majestic in its own simplicity.
 Prescribed above the portal, from afar
 Conspicuous, as the brightness of a star,
 Legible only by the light they give,
 Stand the soul-quickenning words — " Believe and
 live !"

Cowper.

THE VALUE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

O CHILD of sorrow, be it thine to know,
 That scripture only is the cure of woe !
 That field of promise, how it flings abroad
 Its perfumes o'er the Christian's thorny road ;
 The soul reposing on assured belief,
 Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
 Forgets her labour, as she toils along—
 Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song

The same.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

THE grave is not that place of rest,
 Which unbelievers teach ;

Where grief can never win a tear,
Nor sorrow ever reach.

The eye that shed the tear is closed,
The heaving breast is cold ;
But that which suffers and enjoys
No narrow grave can hold.

The mouldering earth and happy worm,
The dust they lent may claim ;
But the enduring spirit lives
Eternally the same.

Caroline Fry.

THE OAK.

King of the forest ! which through years gone by
Hast reign'd unharm'd in lofty majesty ;
Thou, when with clouds the sky was overcast,
And frailer forms were bent before the blast,
Amidst the tempest's frowns uprear'dst thy head,
As if to shew how vain its power was shed.
Full many a form, who oft beneath thy shade
In youth hath linger'd, or in childhood play'd
Now comes no more, snatch'd in life's early bloom,
Some are now sleeping in the silent tomb :
Fair flowers of spring ! the beautiful, the bright,
Transplanted to a sphere of purer light.
Many have left their home and native land,
And sever'd is the once gay household band.
To meet perhaps a solitary grave
In foreign climes, or 'neath the briny wave.
Full many an autumn, noble tree ! has seen
Thy foliage change though now so fresh and
green :

And winter too thy leafless form has view'd ;
But spring return'd, and all thy bloom renew'd.
Thus, then, as these their power and strength
renew,

And opening beauties yearly glad the view,
So may our souls upborne on faith's firm wing,
Rise from mortality to endless spring ;
And as thy root firm buried in the ground,
Steadfast withstands the storms that gather
round,

So, though with clouds our path be overcast,
Be ours to rise unharm'd from 'neath the blast,
Be ours to root our faith in that bright way
Which leads to realms of everlasting day—
To trust in God, though tempests round us fall—
To feel, to own, that *Christ is all in all*.

LINES BY THE PRINCESS AMELIA.*

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and talked, and danced, and sung ;
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain ;
Concluding in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came.
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occur'd how sad 'twould be,
Were this world *only* made for me.

*Youngest daughter of George III.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how beneath the moonbeams' smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring, then subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea,
And having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

SUBMISSION.

Come, then, affliction, if my Father bids,
And be my frowning friend: a friend that frowns
Is better than a smiling enemy.
We welcome clouds which bring the farmer's rain,
Though they the present prospect blacken round,
And shade the beauties of the opening year,
That, by their stores enriched, the earth may
yield
A fruitful summer, and a plenteous crop.

Swain.

RETIREMENT.

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of closing day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my sighs and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
Such prospects oft my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

American.

WEEP NOT FOR THE BLEST.

We mourn for those who toil,
The slave who ploughs the main,
Or him who hopeless tills the soil
Beneath the stripe and chain,
For those who in the world's hard race,
O'er-wearied and unblest,
A host of restless phantoms chase—
Why mourn for those who rest ?
We mourn for those who *sin*,
Bound in the tempter's snare,
Whom syren pleasure beckons in
The prisons of despair.

Whose hearts by whirlwind passions torn,
Are wrecked on folly's shore—
But why in sorrow should we mourn
For those who *sin no more*?

We mourn for those who weep,
Whom stern afflictions bend,
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
Of lover or of friend ;—
But they to whom the sway
Of pain and grief is o'er,
Whose tears our God hath wiped away,
Oh, mourn for them no more.
Mrs. Sigourney.

THE BIBLE.

It is the one true light,
That when all other lamps grow dim,
Shall never burn less purely bright,
Nor lead astray from Him.

It is love's blessed band,
That reaches from the eternal throne
To him—whoe'er he be—whose hand
Will seize it for his own.

It is the golden key
To treasures of celestial wealth,
Joy to the sons of poverty,
And to the sick man health.

The gently proffered aid
Of one who knows us—and can best
Supply the beings he has made
With what will make them blest.

American.

THE CHRISTIAN DEPARTING IN
PEACE.

THE hour of my departure's come,
I hear a voice that calls me home ;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
The race appointed I have run,
The combat's o'er—the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky :
Not in mine innocence I trust ;
I bow before thee in the dust ;
And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.
I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.
The hour of my departure's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home ;
Now, O my God, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come, Disappointment, come !
Not in thy terrors clad ;
o

Come in thy meekest, saddest guise ;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cy-
press twine.
Tho' Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears with faint ear the ling'ring knell,
That tells her hopes are dead ;
And tho' the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid
here.
Come, Disappointment, come !
Tho' from hope's summit hurl'd, .
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe were sent from heaven,
To wean me from the world :
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never
die.
What is this passing scene ?
A peevish April day !
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the
dust.

Oh, what is beauty's power ?
It flourishes and dies.
Will the cold earth its silence break,
And tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies ?
Mute, mute is all,
O'er beauty's fall,
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in
her pall.
The most belov'd on earth
Not long survives to day ;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid.
Then since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts, where moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat ?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing
heart be still ?
Come, Disappointment, come !
Thou art not stern to me ;
Sad Monitress ! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run.
I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done !

LINES ON II. COR. iv. 17-18.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,
 Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown ;
 No trav'ller ever reach'd that blest abode,
 Who found not thorns and briars on his road.
 For He, who knew what human hearts would
 prove,
 How slow to learn the dictates of his love,
 That, hard by nature, and of stubborn will,
 A life of ease would make them harder still.
 In pity to the souls his grace design'd
 To rescue from the ruins of mankind ;
 Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,
 And said, " Go, spend them in the vale of tears !"
 O balmy gales of soul reviving air !
 O salutary streams that murmur there !
 These flowing from the fount of grace alone,
 These breathed from lips of everlasting love.
 The flinty soil, indeed, their feet annoys,
 Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys ;
 An envious world will interpose its frown,
 To mar delights superior to its own ;
 And many a pang experienced still within,
 Reminds them of their hated inmate, Sin ;
 But ills of every shape and every name,
 Transform'd to blessings, miss their cruel aim ;
 And every moment's calm that soothes the breast,
 Is given in earnest of eternal rest.

THE PENITENT'S REFLECTIONS

At the close of the Year.

ONCE more the fleeting hours of light are fled,
And friendly night calls nature to repose ;
But ah ! my mind by darkest shades o'erspread,
Forbids my grief-swoln lids in sleep to close.

My musing thoughts this silence kindly aids,
And solitude according, helps to mourn
Past hours of sorrow spent in error's maze,
'Those murder'd moments that shall ne'er return.

Could I the retrospection of one day
Approve, or hope for heaven's approving smile ;
Each woe-fraught hour, that hope would well
repay,
And in my breast corroding doubts beguile.

But when I mark the faculties bestow'd,
The precious boon of time already giv'n,
My ingrate soul recoils before her God,
And trembling shrinks from high offended
heaven.

How have I scorned the call of bleeding love,
(Wonder of seraphs, and of saints the joy)
Disdain'd the lowly path to joys above,
And earth preferr'd to endless bliss on high.

Forgot the pangs incarnate God sustain'd,
His ignominious death,—dire agony ;
That vast atoning sacrifice, ordain'd
To purchase righteousness and heaven for me.

Ah, why this mad attachment to the earth?
Why gravitates my grov'ling soul below?
Why not aspire to gain intrinsic worth,
That pledge of heav'n, a new-born nature know.
How inconsistent our pursuits, and vain;
Eager for fleeting fame or wealth we strive;
For these we barter everlasting gain,
And glory, that shall earth's firm base survive.
This mournful night—the last of the sad year
Proclaims afresh "Time urgent hastes his flight;"
Says, "the new-year's dawn is now so near,
Thou ne'er may'st rise to hail returning light."
Vast horror crowns reflection on the past;
Portentous fears foretell the direful doom,
Without repentance must to me at last
From mercy's self inevitably come.
Rouse then, lethargic soul, from sin awake;
While mercy doth His justice now suspend;
Swift to the throne of grace myself betake,
And deprecate the woes that never end.
If boundless love and mercy fail to melt
Thy adamant heart, to serve thy God;
Impending torture's threat must sure be felt,
And drive to Jesus from the avenging rod.
Father of mercies! bow thy gracious ear,
Regard the trembling suppliant, Lord, once
more;
Thy grace impart, my drooping mind to cheer,
Confirm my ardent wish to sin no more.
Now, let thy Spirit burst the galling chain
That holds me back from rectitude and thee:

Pardon and peace in Jesus let me gain,
And trace his steps to immortality.

Barton.

THE DEAD INFANT.

A SKETCH.

“She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

Yes! this is Death! but in its fairest form,
And stript of all its terrors;—that close eye
Tells nothing of the cold and hungry worm
That holds his revel-feast with frail mortality!

Yes! this is Death! but like a cherubs' sleep,
So beautiful—so placid;—who of earth
(And tasting earthly cares,) would wish to weep
O'er one that has escaped the woes of mortal
birth?

Here might the sculptor gaze, until his hand
Had learned to fashion forth you lovely thing,
Pale as the chissell'd marble;—here command
Those beauties that defy all Art's imagining!

The still calm brow—the smile on either cheek,
The little folded hands,—the lips apart,
As though they would the bonds of silence break,
Are they not models fair,—meet for the
sculptor's art?

Proud science, come! learn of this beauteous clay,
That seems to mock the dread destroyer's reign
As though in slumber's downy links it lay,
Awaiting but the morn, to wake to life again.

Yes ! this is Death ! but in its fairest form,
And stript of all its terrors.—That sealed eye
Tells nothing of the cold and hungry worm
That holds his revel-feast with cold mortality !
Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

THE LORD'S DAY.

How welcome to the saints, when press'd
With six day's noise and care and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile !
Now from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a different air ;
Compos'd and soften'd by the day,
All things another aspect wear.
How happy if their lot is cast
Where stately the gospel sounds !
The word is honey to their taste,
Renews their strength, and heals their wounds !
Though pinch'd with poverty at home,
With sharp afflictions daily fed,
It makes amends if they can come,
To God's own house for heav'nly bread :
With joy they hasten to the place,
Where they their Saviour oft have met ;
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.
This favour'd lot, my friends, is ours ;
May we the privilege improve,
And find these consecrated hours,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

We thank thee for thy day, O Lord !
Here we thy promised presence seek ;
Open thine hand, with blessings stor'd,
And give us manna for the week.

Newton.

THE SNOW-DROP.

THERE is a flower, a fragile flower,
The first-born of the early spring,
That sheds its sweets, and blooms its hour,
Ere summer spreads its azure wing.
Upon the earth's pure breast of snow,
The infant blossoms slowly bend,
Pale as the maiden's cheeks of woe,
Bereft of every earthly friend.
I hail thy coming, gentle flower,
Not simply that thou cam'st alone :
Thou'rt welcome to me as the hour
That shines as those of youth have shone.
Fair Herald of the blooming year,
Life's messenger without its stain,
The promised time of flowers is near,
And earth shall yet be green again.
'Tis thine to tell of joyous spring,
When earth unlocks its fragrant stores,
And gentle winds are breathed to bring,
The wand'ring birds from distant shores.
Over the world's deep solitude
A bright and gladdening smile is cast,
And if a thought of gloom intrude,
'Tis of the winter that is past.

Anon.

THE CHRISTIAN PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly—bow the head—

In reverent silence bow—

No passing bell doth toll,

Yet an immortal soul

Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,

With lowly reverence bow ;

There's one in that poor shed—

One by that paltry bed—

Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,

Lo ! Death doth keep his state,

Enter—no crowds attend—

Enter—no guards defend

This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold,

No smiling courtiers tread ;

One silent woman stands,

Lifting with meagre hands

A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—

An infant wail alone ;

A sob suppressed—again

That short deep gasp, and then

The parting groan.

Oh ! change—oh wond'rous change—

Burst are the prison bars ;

This moment *there*, so low,

So agonized, and now

Beyond the stars !

Oh ! change—stupendous change !
There lies the soulless clod ;
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

Mrs. Southey.

HYMN.

THE God of nature and of grace,
In all his works appears ;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.
Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned ;*
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.
Lift to the firmament your eye,
Thither his path pursue ;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wond'ring view.
Here on the hills he feeds his herd,
His flocks on yonder plains ;
His praise is warbled by the birds,—
O could we catch their strains !
Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light :
Or, with the nightingale, prolong
Our numbers through the night.
His blessings fall in plenteous showers,
Upon the lap of earth,

That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

Montgomery.

THE SONG OF CHILDHOOD.

Songs of my childhood, when I trace
The pastimes of my opening years,
Thou stand'st in solitary grace,
Unchang'd amid a scene of tears.
The home so dear in former hours,
Deserted, frowns in dark neglect,
And brambles cling around the bowers,
Which oft with vivid wreaths I deck'd.
The birds I fed at morn's first break,
The flowers I won to early bloom,
The lute whose tone I loved to wake, .
All share destruction's chilling doom.
The gay companions, cherished best ;
Oh ! where are now that smiling band ?
Some in their graves forgotten rest,
Some wither in a foreign land.
And some beside me coldly pass,
Amid the world's tumultuous mart,
Changed in their features, and alas,
More changed in feelings and in heart.
But thou—sweet song of joyful youth,
I meet no change, no gloom in thee,
Unaltered are thy words of truth,
Unbroken is thy melody.
And when in life's bewildered track,
Remembrance faintly seems to reign,

Thy spell can bring my childhood back,
In all its brightest spring again.

Mrs. Abby.

THE DYING STORM.

I AM a feeble, pale, and weary,
And my wings are nearly furl'd !
I have caused a scene so dreary,
I am glad to quit the world !
With bitterness I'm thinking,
On the evils I have done,
And to my caverns sinking
From the coming sun.

The heart of man will sicken
In that pure and holy light,
When he feels the hopes I've stricken,
With an everlasting blight !
For widely, in my madness,
Have I poured abroad my wrath ;
And changing joy to sadness,
Scatter'd ruin on my path.

Earth shudder'd at my motion,
And my power in silence owns ;
But the deep and troubled ocean
O'er my deeds of horror means !
I have sunk the brightest treasures ;
I've destroy'd the fairest form ;
I have sadly fill'd my measure,
And am now a dying storm !

ANON.

THE EVENING HOUR.

It is an hour of holy hush and calm,
Of dewy stillness breathing from each vale,
Of birds' low vesper, and of fragrant balm,
Borne whispering low upon the twilight gale :
With faint sound mingled of the distant chime
Of Sabbath-bell at this calm even-time.

It is an hour of rest to all the earth :
The village-hamlet and its noise are still,
And hush'd to sleep is childhood's voice of mirth,
And nought is heard but the low singing rill ;
Or voice of bell from yonder ivied tower,
With sullen sound proclaiming the past hour.

It is an hour when twilight shadows rise,
And earth and ocean rest beneath the gloom,
And the first star appears in yonder skies,
Telling of realms beyond the silent tomb ;
While night comes on with her lone starry train,
And the young moon sheds forth her light again.

It is an hour when holy thoughts arise,
An hour to bend in still and solemn prayer,
To call each thought back to those starry skies,
And view with wonder those bright myriads
there

Spread out afar by the same wond'rous power,
Who gave to man eve's silent tranquil hour.

*Artiss.**

THE FIRST WANDERER.

CREATION'S Heir !—the first, the last,
That knew the world his own,
Yet stood he, 'mid his kingdom vast,
A fugitive—o'erthrown !—
Faded and frail the glorious form,
And changed the soul within,
While pain, and grief, and strife, and storm,
Told the dark secret—SIN !
Unaided and alone on earth,
He bade the heavens give ear ;—
But every star that sang his birth,
Kept silence in its sphere ;—
He saw round Eden's distant steep
Angelic legions stay ;
Alas ! they were but sent to keep '
His guilty foot away !
Then turn'd he reckless to his own,
The world before him spread :—
But Nature's was an altered tone,
And spoke rebuke and dread.
Fierce thunder-peal and rocking gale,
Answered the storm-swept sea,
While crushing forests join'd the wail,
And all said—" Cursed for thee !"
This, spoke the lion's prowling roar ; ●
And this, the victim's cry ;
This, written in defenceless gore,
For ever met his eye !
And not alone each fiercer power
Proclaim'd just heaven's decree ;
The faded leaf, the dying flower,
Alike said—" Cursed for thee !"

Though mortal, doomed to many a length
Of life's now narrow span,
Sons rose around in pride and strength,—
They, too, proclaimed the ban !
'Twas heard amid their hostile spears ;
Own'd in the murderer's doom :
Seen in the widow's silent tears ;
Felt in the infant's tomb.

Ask not the wanderer's after fate,
His being, birth, or name :
Enough that all have shared his state,
That MAN is still the same !—
Still briar and thorn his life o'ergrow,
Still strives his soul within,—
And pain, and care, and sorrow show
The same dark secret—SIN ! *Anon.*

THE EVENING HYMN.

How many days, with mute adieu,
Have gone down yon untrodden sky,
And still it looks as clear and blue,
As when at first 'twas hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud,
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder tramping deep and loud,
Have left no foot-mark there.
The village-bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore ;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rung so sweet before.

A silence rests upon the hill,
A list'ning awe pervades the air ;
The very flowers are shut, and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
That still low voice, in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God ! of thee.
The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,
The linnet's warble, fainter grown,
The hive bound bee, the lonely rock,—
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes,
Bright guardians of the sombre night !
What are ye in your native skies ?
I know not ! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader you attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim or end.

I know they must be holy things,
That from a roof so sacred shine,
Where sounds the beat of angel-wings,
And footsteps echo all divine.
Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor hearkened to what Science tells,
For, oh ! in childhood I was taught,
That God amidst them dwells.

The darkening woods, the fading trees,
The grass hopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.

The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusky pathways blacker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade ;
All, all is mute below.

And other eyes as sweet as this,
Will close upon as calm a day,
And sinking down the deep abyss,
Will, like the last, be swept away ;
Until eternity is gained,
That boundless sea without a shore,
That without time for ever reigned,
And will, when time's no more.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave ;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave ;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, " Behold a God !"

Miller.

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

A shadow moving by one's side,
That would a substance seem,
That is, yet is not,—though descried—
Like skies beneath the stream :

A tree that's ever in the bloom,
Whose fruit is never ripe ;
A wish for joys that never come—
Such are the hopes of Life.

A dark, inevitable night,
A blank that will remain ;
A waiting for the morning light,
When waiting is in vain :
A gulph where pathway never led,
To show the depth beneath ;
A thing we know not, yet we dread,—
That dreaded thing is Death.
The vaulted void of purple sky,
That every where extends,
That stretches from the dazzled eye,
A space that never ends :
A morning whose uprisen sun
No setting e'er shall see ;
A day that comes without a noon,—
Such is—Eternity.

Anon.

STANZAS.

LET there but pass some scores of years,
And what a change of life appears !
We feel no more those youthful joys,
That rapt, us when we yet were boys.
Hope's rosy altar hath been crushed—
The music of existence hushed ;
And disappointment and despair,
Have filled the vacant places there.
Those kindred ones have passed away,
That kept the heart in healthful play ;
And things we never dreamt would fade,
Lie blasted in oblivion's shade.

The hearth of home that warmed of old,
Hath changed—the embers there are cold,
And voices dumb for ever grown,
Whose notes once mingled with our own.
The forms we loved most dear have gone,
And here and there some straggling one.
Alone is left to fill the scene,
Or tell the soul what once hath been.

Bagley.

A VISION OF LIFE.

IN the morning of life I mark'd the fair boy,
And loudly he laughed in his childish joy;
O'er his open brow fell the clustering hair,
Care had not traced its furrows there:
All in the world to him seem'd bright,
For his step was free, and his heart was light.
'Twas noon, and the boy had to manhood grown,
But the sunny smiles of his youth were flown;
Thought was stamped on the lofty brow—
Proud was the glance of the dark eye now,
Yet, there was that in the heaving breast,
That told that the heart was ill at rest.
At even, I marked the old man stand,
With a feeble frame, and a trembling hand;
Wrinkled and pale was the forehead high,
Dimmed was the glance of the sparkling eye;
O'er his furrowed cheeks swept the locks of snow
And the old man's steps were faint and slow.
Amidst the long grass of the church-yard lone,
Half hid by the weeds is a mouldering stone,

Scarce doth the traveller stop to gaze
On the silent record of other days,
But o'er the sad tomb the green ivy creeps,
Where, forgotten by all, the old man sleeps.

Anon.

NONE THEIR END OBTAIN.

THE miser has his anguish,
The merchant weary pain,
The lover long doth languish,
Yet none their end obtain.

The toiling farmer soweth,
The reaper reaps the grain ;
The traveller forward goeth—
Yet none their end obtain.

The miser leaves his money,
The merchant all his care ;
The lover—gall and honey—
For thus it is they fare.

The farmer in death's furrow,
Is buried like his grain ;
The labourer on the morrow
From labour doth refrain.

They lie them down to slumber
Beneath the church-yard stone,
With all the woes they number,
And soon they are unknown.

And what thus could they follow,
With such continued quest ?
What flitting dreams and hollow,
Thus robbed them of their rest.

Power, wealth, or love, or leisure,
 Alone could not be sought ;
 Beyond must be some treasure,
 Some phantom of the thought.

They sought,—thus truth confesseth,
 But, erring, failed to find,
 What heaven *within* possesseth—
 The calm and happy mind.

Howitt.

FEELING.

FEELING,—what art thou? wherefore wert thou
 given ?

To be the curse, or bliss, of man below ?
 A shining taper sent from kindly heaven,
 To joy and cheer him, 'midst earth's scenes
 of woe :

To shed thy genial and softening ray,
 Like sunshine, on his else cold, gloomy way.

Thou art a mystery :—thy mighty spell
 From nature springs,—and is unknown to art,
 'Tis potent, quick, and irresistible,—
 As from the deep recesses of the heart
 Itsprings, and shines within the tear gemmed eye,
 The flushed, or pallid cheek,—the smile or sigh.

Thou art a monarch ;—for thou holdest sway
 O'er every passion of the human heart,—
 Grief, joy, love, hatred,—all do thou obey ;—
 Each acts subordinate its varied part
 As thou directest ;—so thou art the cause
 Of all our pleasures, or of all our woes.

And thou art lowly,—seekest not to dwell
Among the high-born—and the wealthy great;
(Though some may strive their vices to conceal,
With using of thy form; base counterfeit;)
But with the humble and the poor most found,
Shedding thy halo of affection round.

Oh! thou art lovely; in affection's hour,
When care and sorrow do the soul oppress,
How holy then! how beauteous thy power!
'Tis like the dew upon the parched grass:
As, wearing friendship's form, feeling appears
To soothe our anguish, and to dry our tears.

Yet thou dost change—in the spring tide of youth
Thou rushest with impetuosity,
Down the full streams of nature and of truth;
Alas! neglecting to let truth now be
Thy pilot, how many wreck on error's sands,
Which, glittering, snare young, headstrong,
heedless bands.

But as old age creeps on—thou growest calm,
Thou hast been saddened by the griefs of years;
Yet time, that wounds, can also yield a balm;
For chastened by its flight, feeling appears
Like gold, that in the furnace has been tried,
Refined from every blemish,—purified.

Thou givest pleasure;—oh, how sweet to feel
The power of love! affection's silken ties;
And mark the ways in which thou dost reveal,
Deep, mutual, glowing, heartfelt sympathies;
Dear feeling! there are joys within thy sphere,
Sent from above—of heaven a foretaste here.

Thou givest pain ;—when from loved friends we
part,

Perchance divided by the hand of death ;
Or, when we, writhing 'neath the cruel smart
Of falsehood, treachery, or broken faith ;
Yet still, with all these pangs thou art a bliss,
We would not change for stoic's fancied ease.

Thou yieldest pleasure, and thou causest pain,
Would'st be a curse were there no heaven
above ;

How sweet to know there is !—where, met again,
Will be the friends whom here we deeply love ;
And, feeling, then to purest bliss give birth,
And rapturous joys, that are denied to Earth.

Anon.

LINES TO A WITHERED ROSE. .

WHY com'st thou thus to me, sweet flower,
With faded hue and yellow leaf?
Fit herald of the blighting power,
Of gloom and grief !

I cannot look upon decay,
Where bloom and beauty once have shed
Their freshness—and have pass'd away
And withered.

But darkest thoughts awake and tell,
When I am saddest and alone,
Of beings lov'd, alas ! too well,
Who now are gone. .

Yet, while that blossom I survey,
And shake its leaflets from the stem.

A rising fragrance seems no say—

“Mourn not for them.

“For tho’ the great Almighty will,

“The forms thou lov’d’st from thee has riv’n,

“Their spirits, like these odours, fill

“The air of Heav’n.”

Anon.

THE SPREAD OF THE TRUTH.

THE truth is spreading, let it spread

On earth from pole to pole ;

The heavenly word, that wakes the dead,

And lights the darken’d soul.

We need not now, with Pilate, ask

What Truth is : Truth divine

Stands full reveal’d, she wears no mask—

How bright her features shine !

How beauteous on the mountain top,

Her messengers appear,

How sweet their very accents drop,

Upon the ravish’d ear.

The swelling horn, the lyre and lute,

Can cheer and charm no more ;

The trumpet’s thrilling voice is mute,

The reign of war is o’er.

Glory to God, still Truth proclaims,

Peace and good will to men ;

The light that’s shed from her blest beams,

Is light that ne’er shall wane.

’Tis Truth exalts the soul of man,

And frees the world of crime ;

She makes our peasant nobler than
The Kings of olden time.
Let Christian men in every land
To spread the Truth unite,
Approved of heaven, then shall they stand,
Like angels, clothed with light.

PRAYER.

How purely true, how deeply warm
The inly-breathed appeal may be,
Though adoration wears no form,
In upraised hand or bended knee,
One Spirit fills all boundless space,
No limit to the when or where ;
And little recks the time or place
That leads the soul to praise and prayer.
Father above, Almighty One,
Creator, is that worship vain
That hails each mountain as thy throne,
And finds a universal faue ?
When shining stars or spangled sod,
Call forth devotion, who shall dare
To blame, or tell me that a God
Will never deign to hear such prayer ?
Oh ! prayer is good when many pour
Their voices in one solemn tone,
Conning their sacred lessons o'er,
Or yielding thanks for mercies shown,
'Tis good to see the quiet train,
Forget their worldly joy and care,
While loud response and choral strain
Re-echo in the house of prayer.

But often have I stood to mark
The setting sun and closing flower ;
Shed holy calmness o'er the hour.
Lone on the hills my soul confess'd
More rapt and burning homage there ;
And served the Maker it address'd,
With stronger zeal and closer prayer.

When watching those we love and prize,
Till all of life and hope be fled ;
When we have gazed on sightless eyes,
And gently stay'd the falling head—
Then what can soothe the stricken breast,
What solace overcome despair,
What earthly breathing can impart,
Such healing balm as lonely prayer ?

When fears and perils thicken fast,
And many dangers gather round ;
When human aid is vain and past,
No mortal refuge to be found—
Then we can firmly lean on Heaven,
And gather strength to meet and bear,
No matter where the storm has driven
A saving anchor lives in prayer.

Oh, God ! how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the blest decree,
That grace can e'er be found when sought,
And nought shut out the soul from Thee.
The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,
The flame may scorch, the rock may tear,
But torture-stake or prison-wall,
Can be endured with faith and prayer.

In desert wilds, and midnight gloom,
In grateful joys and trying pain.
In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb,
Oh ! when is prayer unheard in vain ?
The Infinite, the King of Kings,
Will ever heed thee when or where,
He'll ne'er reject a heart that brings,
The offering of fervent prayer.

Eliza Cook.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

This place is holy ground,
World, with thy cares away !
Silence and darkness reign around,
But, lo ! the break of day :
What bright and sudden dawn appears
To shine upon this scene of tears !
'Tis not the morning light
That wakes the lark to sing,
'Tis not a meteor of the night,
Nor track of angel's wing ;
It has an uncreated beam,
Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.
Eternity and Time
Met for a moment here,
From earth to heaven, a scale sublime,
Rested on either sphere,
Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
By Death's cold hand led home to God.
He landed in our view,
'Midst flaming hosts above,

Whose ranks stood silent while he drew,
Nigh to the throne of love,
And meekly took the lowest seat,
Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,
Entranced our spirits fell,
And saw—yet wist not what they saw,
And heard—no tongue can tell;
What sounds the ear of rapture caught,
What glory fill'd the eye of thought.

Thus, far above the pole,
On wings of mounting fire,
Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul,
But soon her pinions tire;
It is not given to mortal man
Eternal mysteries to scan.

Behold this bed of death,
This pale and lovely clay—
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?

Mark'd ye the eye's last ray?
No—life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

Bury the dead—and weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead—in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth his cross,
And from the grave their dust shall rise
In his own image in the skies.

Montgomery.

THE BURIAL.

'Tis past—that mould, of heavy hue,
That backward rolls again,
Hath closed for ever from our view,
The form we lately knew !
And cold and narrow is the place,
Where lock'd in death's abhorred embrace,
That form must still remain ;
Till nerve and artery, flesh and bone,
Shall be as dust, and dust alone.
And is this spot, so damp and dim,
This dark and cheerless cell,
Now the sole resting-place of him
Beloved so long, so well ?
Is it not painful hence to steer,
And think that one so lately dear,
In such a scene should dwell ?
His latest garb the sod new prest,
And the lone worm his only guest.
How free the peasant's path is made,
Across this spreading stone—
As though the bone before him laid
Were common as his own !
Such might they be—but yet the *mind*,
Which the cold clay beneath enshrined,
Was of no vulgar tone ;
Nay, it was one whose light should save
Its owner's memory from the grave.
The pulse that throbb'd at pity's call,
The hand still stretched to woe,
The full free heart that felt for all,
Sleep motionless below !

That cheek hath lost its ruddy dye,
And rayless rests that beaming eye,
Where mirth was wont to glow !
All, all, that friendship's soul could cheer,
In loneliness must moulder here.

'Tis sad to mark that skull-decked hearse,
That solemn pall and plume—

The slow said prayer, the chaunted verse,
The coffin and its gloom !

And still what are they ?—things of show,
That shed a borrowed air of woe,

About the quiet tomb ;
Mere shadowy emblems, formed to scare
The pitying spirits lingering there.

Oh ! if the atheist's words were true,

If those we seek to save,
—Sink—and in sinking from our view,
Are lost beyond the grave !

If life thus closed—how dark and drear,
Would this bewildered earth appear,
Scarce worth the dust it gave.

A tract of black sepulchral gloom,
One yawning, ever opening tomb.

Blest be that strain of high belief,

More heaven like, more sublime,
Which says, that souls that part in grief,
Part only for a time !

That far beyond this speck of pain,
Far o'er the gloomy grave's domain,

There spreads a brighter clime,
Where care and toil, and trouble o'er,
Believers meet to part no more.

Thomas Furlong.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH-YARD.

What a varying scene is a village church-yard,
How solemn, how sad, then how gay ;
How oft has the mourner wept o'er its sod,
How oft has the foot of the mirthful trod
Its paths on a festive day !

'Tis the Sabbath morn, and the pealing bell
Tolls deep from the ivied tower ;
While the oaken porch and the neighbouring yew -
Are throng'd by the crowds who attend to renew
Their vows at that sacred hour.

With that holy calm, that composure of soul,
Which is joy though devoid of mirth ;
With devotion diffusing sweet peace through
the breast,

They hail the return of the day of rest,
Which to them is a heaven on earth.

It is evening—and now from the turret grey
Tolls forth a more solemn sound ;
And I see in the distance a funeral train,
As they silently move o'er the village plain,
To the gate of the hallowed ground.

It was lately I stood by a sister's grave,
My heart has not ceased to feel ;
I follow'd her corse to its lowly cell,
I wept as I listen'd her funeral knell—
There was anguish in its peal.

And now as I join with the sorrowing band,
I can hear the low bursting sigh ;
'Tis the moment the beautiful prayer has been
said,

And the earth has been closed o'er the lov'd
one dead—

How deep is the agony !

But the evening is pass'd, and the mourners are
gone,

And the moon rises smiling and gay ;

And now, oh how changed is the village green,
How changed is the church-yard where sadness
had been,

On the eve of the Sabbath-day !

On the pathway that leads to the oaken porch,

Young maidens have strewn fresh flowers ;

And lightly steps o'er them the beautiful bride,

With the innocent gayness of rural pride,

As blithe as in childhood's hours.

And now the old tower rings a merry peal,

And in many a heart there is mirth ;

But a sigh will arise, though I smile on the
maid,

As I turn to the spot where so lately was laid,

That corse in its cold, cold earth.

For oh ! what is life ?—'tis a varying scene,

Like a church-yard, from solemn to gay :

And religion alone can diffuse through the
whole,

That devotional calm, which each worshipper's
soul,

Enjoyed on that Sabbath-day.

Anon.

HYMN OF THE UNIVERSE.

PARAPHRASED FROM GOETHE.

Roll on, thou sun ! for ever roll,
Thou giant, rushing through the heaven,
Creation's wonder, nature's soul !
Thy golden wheels by angels driven ;
The planets die without thy blaze,
And cherubim with star-dropt wing,
Float in thy diamond sparkling rays,
Thou brightest emblem of their King !

Roll, lovely Earth ! and still roll on,
With ocean's azure beauty bound :
While one sweet star, the pearly moon,
Pursues thee through the blue profound ;
And angels with delighted eyes,
Behold thy tints of mount and stream,
From the high walls of Paradise ;
Swift whirling like a glorious dream.

Roll, Planets ! on your dazzling road,
For ever sweeping round the sun ;
What eye beheld when first ye glow'd ?
What eye shall see your courses done ?
Roll in your solemn majesty,
Ye deathless splendours of the skies !
High altars, from which angels see
The incense of creation rise.

Roll Comets ! and ye million Stars ;
Ye that through boundless nature roam ;
Ye monarchs on your flame-wing'd cars !
Tell us in what more glorious dome,

What orb to which your pomps are dim,
 What kingdom but by angel trod—
 Tell us where swells the eternal hymn
 Around his Throne—where dwells your God.

PASSING AWAY.

I ASKED the stars in the pomp of night,
 Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
 Bright with beauty and girt with power,
 Whether eternity were not in their power?
 And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
 Bearing this message to mortal ears:

“We have no light that has not been given,
 We have no strength but shall soon be riven,
 We have no power wherein man may trust,
 Like him are we, things of time and dust;
 And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
 And the songs of our silence are—Passing away.

“We shall fade in our beauty the fair and bright,
 Like lamps that have served for a festival night;
 We shall fall from our spheres, the old and
 strong,

Like rose leaves swept by the breeze along;
 Though worshipped as Gods in the olden day,
 We shall be like a vain dream—Passing away.”

From the stars of heaven, and the flowers of earth,
 From the pageant of power, and the voice of
 mirth,

From the mists of morn and the mountain's brow,
 From childhood's song, and affection's vow,
 From all, save that o'er which the soul bears sway,
 Breathes but one record—Passing away.

Passing away,—sing the breeze and rill,
As they sweep on their course by vale and hill:—
Through the varying scenes of each earthly
clime,

'Tis the lesson of nature, the voice of time—
And man at last, like his fathers grey,
Writes in his own dust,—Passing away.

Miss Jewsbury.

HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

O what were life,
Even in the warm and summer light of joy,
Without those hopes that, like refreshing gales
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul,
Breathed from the ocean of eternity?

—And oh! without them who could bear the
storms

That fall, in roaring blackness, o'er the waters
Of agitated life! Then hopes arise,
All round our sinking soul, like those fair
birds

O'er whose soft plumes the tempest hath no
power.

Waving their snow-white wings amid the dark-
ness,

And willing us with gentle motion, on
To some calm island! on whose silvery strand
Dropping at once, they fold their silent pinions,
And as we touch the shores of paradise,
In love and beauty walk around our feet!

Wilson.

HYMN :

AFTER THE SACRAMENT.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.—PSALM XXIII.

ISRAEL'S shepherd ! guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below ;
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flocks rejoicing go.
Could I wander, fear disdaining,
Could I quit the sheltering fold ?
Heedless of thy grace constraining,
In the strength of nature told ?
No ! thy pardoning presence ever,
Meekly kneeling I implore ;
I have found thee, and would never—
Never wander from thee more !
O how sweet, how comfortable,
In the wilderness to see,
Such provision, such a table,
Spread for sinners ; yes, for me.
There thy bounty still partaking,
Bread and consecrated wine ;
Freely all things else forsaking,
I behold the Saviour mine :
In that bruised body, broken—
In the shedding of that blood :
What a gracious pledge, and token,
Lord ! we have for every good.
Come, my soul ! temptations flying,
Arm thee for the strife within ;
Jesus, thy Redeemer, dying,
Stamps an infamy on sin ;

Yield my heart ! no longer harden'd ;
 Rouse thy every latent power ;
 Cleans'd and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,
 " Go in peace ! and sin no more."

A HYMN,

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.—BY JUDGE HALE A. D. 1660.

AND art thou come, dear Saviour? Hath thy
 love

Thus made thee stoop, and leave thy throne
 above

The lofty heavens, and thus thyself to dress
 In dust, to visit mortals? Could no less

A condescension serve?—And after all,

The mean reception of a cratch*—a stall?

Dear Lord, I'll fetch thee thence. I have a room,

'Tis poor, but 'tis my best; if thou wilt come

Within so poor a cell, where I would fain,

Mine, and the world's Redeemer entertain—

I mean my heart: 'tis filthy I confess;

And will not mend thy lodging, Lord, unless

Thou send before thy harbinger—I mean

Thy pure and purging grace, to make it clean

And sweep its inmost corners; then I'll try

To wash it also with a weeping eye.

And when 'tis swept and washed, I then will go

And with thy leave, I'll fetch some flowers that
 grow

In thine own garden—Faith and Love to thee.

With these I'll dress it up, and these shall be

* Cratch is an old word for manger.

My Rosemary and Bays : yet when my best
Is done, the room's not fit for such a guest.
But here's the cure—*thy presence, Lord, alone,*
Will make the stall a court—the cratch a throne.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

THE day of wrath !—that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day ?
When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

● *Sir Walter Scott.*

THE WONDERS OF REDEEMING LOVE.

HE roll'd the seas, he spread the skies,
Made valleys sink, and mountains rise,
The meadows clothed with native green,
And bade the rivers glide between.

But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills ?
To wonders, man was born to prove,
The wonders of redeeming love.

'Tis far above what words express,
What saints can feel, or angels guess;
Angels that hymn the great I AM,
Attune their harps to praise the Lamb.

Hart.

PRAYER.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sinks the beam of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That ear is fill'd with angels' songs;
That arm upholds the world on high;
That love is throned beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain;—
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
That power is Prayer, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky!

Anon.

THE RUINS.

I've seen the infant's cheek all pale,
And heard the mother's bitter wail
 Around her cradled dead;
'Twas passing pitiful to view
This wither'd flower, with all the dew
 Of morning on its head.

I've seen the hopeful eye of youth,
Closed by the bony hand uncouth,
 Of unrelenting death.

That eye which wandered far, and saw
On every path bright pleasures grow,
 Nor thought them things of breath.

I've seen the boast of manhood's might,
Shrink in disease's killing blight,
 Into a pallid shade.

I griev'd to see such vigour fail,
And wondered that *one* passing gale
 Should leave it so low laid.

I've seen the hoary-headed man,
With feeble footsteps cross his span,
 And totter to the tomb.
Some years ago his lamp was bright,—
But as if snone with borrowed light,
 It faded into gloom.

I've seen fair beauty's roses die,
And dim the sparkle of the eye,
 Which dazzled where it ran.

I've seen the young, the gay, the brave,
A heap of ruin in the grave,
 The heritage of man.

I've seen the intellectual fire
Glow ominous, and then expire
 Into an Idiot's spark ;
That fire whose bright and rapid ray,
Would dart beyond the sphere of day,
 And dwell with mysteries dark.

I've seen the mouldering tower and dome,
And heard the moaning night wind roam
 The aisles all damp and drear—
Those venerable aisles where erst
The voice of pealing music burst
 Upon the ravish'd ear.

I've seen a voiceless waste of death,
Lie rotting in the stagnant breath
 Of pestilential air.
Once on this waste a city rose—
The Queen of earth—the world's applause—
 Proud Babylon was there !

I've seen the realms where tyrant sway
Freezes all life into dismay,
 And chains the freeborn mind.
Those realms once bloom'd in freedom's smile,
Here glory flourished for a while,
 Here sciences refined.

I've heard the infidel's last sigh,
And seen incarnate misery die,
 Into a living death.
His days were loud with vaunting glee,
And full of horrid blasphemy,
 He breathed his final breath.

We mourn o'er ruined things of clay,
 But what are trifles of a day
 To immortality?
 'Tis ruin in the wildest flash,
 The blackest night, the loudest crash,
 Of one Eternity !

Jabez Cole.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
 Shows somewhat of that happier life to come:
 Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
 Is pleas'd with it, and were he free to choose,
 Would make his fate his choice ; whose peace the
 fruit
 Of virtue, and whose virtue, fruit of faith.
 Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one
 Content indeed to sojourn while he must
 Below the skies, but having *there* his home,
 The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
 Of objects, more illustrious in her view ;
 And occupied as earnestly as she,
 Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world,
 She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not ;
 He seeks not her's for he has prov'd them vain,
 He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
 Pursuing gilded flies ; and such he deems
 Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
 Therefore, in contemplation is his bliss.
 Whose pow'r is such, that whom she lifts from
 earth,
 She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
 And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.

Cowper.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea !

The same fond mother bent at night,
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forests of the west,
By a dark stream, is laid ;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the lov'd of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain,
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd,
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, *they* rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas for love if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, on earth !

Mrs. Hemans.

HUMAN LIFE.

WHAT is life ?—'tis all a vapour ;
Soon it vanishes away ;
Life is like a dying taper ;
Oh, my soul, why wish to stay ?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world on high ?

See that glory, how resplendent !
Brighter far than fancy paints,
There, in majesty transcendent !
Jesus reigns, the king of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love,
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Go and share his people's glory ;
Midst the ransom'd crowd appear :
Thine a joyful wond'rous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Kelly.

THE PLACE OF REST.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burthen of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ has taught thy languid feet,
To reach his blest abode ;
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ,
And the Holy Spirit fail :
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

“Earth to earth,” and “dust to dust,”
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal the narrow bed.
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Milman.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the hour of play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest work to leave ;
Pray !—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine has not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun ;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by the holy tie ;
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Hemans.

THE SABBATH.

LORD of the Sabbath ! hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day ;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise,

Now met to pray and bless thy name,
Whose mercies show each day the same,
Whose kind compassion never cease ;
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord ! we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above :
Oh, that we might that rest attain,
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain !

In thy bless'd kingdom we shall be,
From every mortal trouble free ;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Resounding from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But scared, high, eternal noon.

O long expected day, begin !
Dawn on this world of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

Doddridge.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the
sun,

How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,

And there followed some droppings of rain !
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his
sins,

And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and
shines,

And travels his heavenly way ;
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like the fleeting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own ;
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and un-
known.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's
 form,
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, in gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and
 sublime,
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee, thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
 alone.

Byron.

THE NEW YEAR.

A YEAR—another year—has fled !
 Here let me rest awhile,
 As they who stand around the dead,
 And watch the funeral pile ;
 This year whose breath has pass'd away,
 Once thrill'd with life, with hope was gay !
 What this new-waking year may rise,
 As yet, is hid from me ;
 'Tis well, a veil, which mocks our eyes,
 Spreads o'er the days to be :
 Such foresight who, on earth would crave,
 Where knowledge is not power to save !
 It may be dark—a rising storm,
 To blast, with lightning wing,
 The bliss which cheers—the joys that warm !
 It may be doom'd to bring
 The wish that I have rear'd as mine,
 A victim to an early shrine !

But—be thou fair or dark—my breast
Its hope will not forego :
Hope's rainbow never shines so blest,
As on the clouds of woe :
And, seen with her soul-cheering light,
Even affliction's waves look bright !

But I must steer my bark of life
Towards a deathless land ;
Nor need it fear the seas of strife,
May it but reach the strand,
Where all is peace, and angels come,
To take the outworn wanderer home !

Anon.

TO A WITHERED ROSE.

Poor withered Rose ! there was an hour,
When all thy tints were fresh and fair,
When midst the dew-enamell'd bower,
Thy fragrance left its sweetness there !
But now of all thy hues bereft,
Thy opening buds and leaflets green,
Thou scarce hast now a vestige left,
To tell, alas ! what thou hast been.
And such is life,—we bloom awhile,
And madly count each pleasure new,
When youth can each dark hour beguile,
And gild each thought with tinsel hue.
But thou, mute emblem,—thou shalt shed
Upon my breast thy ling'ring bloom :
And thou shalt speak as from the dead,
And thou shalt tell me of the tomb.

And when mirth hurries me away,
 When pleasure's witching arts prevail,
 Then thou shalt tell me of decay,
 And whisper soft thy silent tale.

Anon.

WORLD, ADIEU !

BY THE REV. I. COBBIN, A.M.

AIR—"AH PERDONNA."

WORLD, adieu ! I see thee flying,
 Fast as vapours on the wind,
 All thy consolations dying,
 Leaving not a wreck behind ;
 Fools may love thee,
 But above thee,
 I would bliss substantial find.

If thou now so oft deceive me,
 When I may detect the cheat,
 Thou would'st of all hopes bereave me,
 When on life's last verge we meet ;
 Never, never,
 False deceiver,
 Would I more thy smilings greet.

There's a world where all is pleasure,
 Which Time's changes ne'er decay !
 There are blessings without measure,
 Pure as light, and glad as day !
 That desiring,
 Thus aspiring,
 I would breathe my life away.

MERCY.

WHAT is mercy? 'Tis a dream
Flowing from the fount above;
'Tis the attribute of Him,
All whose works and ways are love.

What is mercy? 'Tis a tide,
Rolling with majestic force,
Reaching far and spreading wide,
With salvation in its course.

What is mercy? 'Tis a beam
From the uncreated sun,
Darting, with celestial gleam,
Through a world by sin undone.

What is mercy? 'Tis a blaze,
Bright, insufferably bright,
Scattering its benignant rays
O'er the gloomy shades of night.

What is mercy? 'Tis a hope,
Which, in spite of every fear,
Bears the sinking spirits up,
And forbids the rising tear.

What is mercy? 'Tis in death
All our confidence and stay,
While the last and lingering breath,
Quits the tenement of clay.

What will mercy be at last,
But the theme of ceaseless joy,
When the memory of the past
Shall our future songs employ?

Thus, while here on earth we rove,
 Mercy lights up all the way,
 Till we reach the climes above,
 Where she shines without decay.

Trevor Square.

E. D.

THE GLOW-WORM.

When on some balmy breathing night of spring
 The happy child, to whom the world is new,
 Pursues the evening moth of mealy wing,
 Or from the heath-bell shakes the sparkling dew.
 He sees before his inexperienced eyes,
 The brilliant glow-worm like a meteor shine
 On the turf-bank; surprised and pleased, he cries,
 "Star of the dewy grass! I'll make thee mine."
 Then, 'ere he sleeps collects the moistened flower,
 And bids soft leaves the glittering prize unfold;
 And dreams that fairy lamps illum his bower:
 But in the morning, shudders to behold
 His shining treasure viewless as the dust:—
*So fade's the world's bright joys to cold and
 blank disgust.*

GOODRICH CASTLE.

And thou proud Goodrich, changed and worn,
 By time, and use, and tempest torn,
 Ttill stand'st thou by that lovely stream,
 Though pass'd thy glory like a dream;

Stand'st like a monitor to say
How nature lives 'midst art's decay ;
Or, like a spectre, haunting yet
The spot where all its joys were set.

Time hallowed pile ! no more, no more,
Thou hear'st the hostile cannon roar ;
No more bold chiefs thy drawbridge chase ;
No more the valiant man thy towers ;
No more the lovely grace thy bowers ;
Nor bright eyes smile o'er the guitar ;
Nor trumpets stir bold hearts to war.
The falling meteor o'er thee shoots ;
The dull owl in thy chambers hoots ;
Now doth the creeping ivy twine,
Where once bloom'd rose and eglantine ;
And there, where once in rich array,
Met lords, and knight, and ladies gay,
The bat is clinging to those walls,
And the fox nestles in those halls.

TIME MISIMPROVED.

As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh ?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.
The world, and worldly things, beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed ;
While time unhallow'd, unimprov'd,
Presents a fearful void.

Yet, holy Father, wild despair
 Chase from this labouring breast :
 Thy grace, it is, which prompts the prayer ;
 That grace can do the rest.

My life's best remnant all be thine ;
 And when thy sure decree,
 Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
 O speed my soul to thee !

Bishop Middleton.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BODY AND THE SPIRIT.

BODY.

Spirit ! I feel that thou
 Wilt soon depart,
 This body is too weak longer to hold
 The *immortal* part.
 The ties of earth are loosening—
 They will break :
 And thou—even as a joyous bird,
 Thy flight wilt take
 To the eternal world.
 Say, spirit, say !
 Wilt thou return again ? once more illumine
 My house of clay ?
 Or must this body, which has been to thee
 A temple and a dwelling place,
 Perish for ever, and forgotten be ?

SPIRIT.

Yes ! I must leave thee,—
 I am longing

For the communion of those blessed ones
 Within the courts of heaven ;
 Who tune their golden harps
 To the eternal praise of Him, who gives
 That home above
 Which they have gained, and which I would,
 Through Him who came to prove
 That "*God is love.*"
 And by him too, I know that *thou*
 My earthly tenement,
 Within the dust must lie,
 And there turn to corruption,
 Even as the seed doth die
 To be revived again ;
 Death hath no power o'er the *soul*,
 For Christ hath conquer'd—
 The grave cannot retain its victims,
 When *He* cries—"Come forth !"
Then I return to *Thee*—
 The victory is gained—
 For "Christ hath made me free."

"HOW CAN YOU CALL ME POOR?"

How can'st thou call me poor? all things are
 mine :
 Whate'er I ask, my God replies, "'tis thine,"
 "The world, life, death, things present, things
 to come ;"
 Such is my store in Christ ; a countless sum !
 The world may think me poor ; so I think them ;
 Their treasures *I*, my riches *they* contemn.

They have their good things *now* ; for mine I
 wait ;
 How worthless theirs at best : the least of mine
 how great !

—
Anon.

BIRTH DAY ODE.

TO JOHN THORNTON.

As the gun's alarming noise
 Affrights the gentle warbling thrush,
 Drives her from her fav'rite bush,
 And silences her voice ;
 Yet her fears she'll soon forget,
 When she finds a new retreat
 And try to sing again :

Thus of late a heavy stroke,
 All my joys to pieces broke,
 And fill'd my heart with pain :
 But the Lord's command, " Be still,"
 Bows my spirit to his will,
 Bids me in his name be strong,
 Calls me to resume my song.

This first renew'd attempt is due,
 My much esteem'd friend, to you.
 Though far from my beloved home,
 Yea, should I round creation roam,
 Where'er I am, where'er I come,
 Your name, engraven on my breast,
 I trust by Jesu's hand imprest,
 I shall for ever wear.

Yes, he has made us one in heart,
 And I well pleased shall bear a part,
 In all your joy and care.

To-morrow I shall watch the morn,
And mark with prayer and praise the day,

When first you drew your breath :

O ! what a blessing to be born,

Heir to a life without decay.

Born not to feed on man's applause,

Or blood o'er mammon's sordid hoard ;

But to promote the Saviour's cause,

And bring up children for the Lord.

This, this is life ; for such a birth,

Here's joy in heaven, and joy on earth.

Yet had you not been born again,

Sure your first birth had been but vain,

And all your portion sin and pain :

But in the annals of the skies

Your name was writ of old,

And the great Shepherd's watchful eyes,

And everlasting arms,

Long before him you knew,

Presided over you,

To shield you from all harms,

And guide you to his fold. [youth

Through tender childhood, snare encircled

His wisdom, mercy, providence, and truth,

Secured you from impending death,

And mark'd unseen your dubious path ;

At length the happy moment came,

When he reveal'd his glorious name,

And claim'd you for his own.

Since, then, he has been always near,

Crowning with goodness every year,

And yet a little while,

Far out of reach of Satan, sin, and toil,

He'll place you near his throne.

These happy prospects your birth-day affords,
The comfort yours, the praise be all the Lord's,
If you look *back*, how pleasing the review
Of all the scenes his hand has brought you through
Or look *around*, how sweet domestic life,
How blest in sons, in daughters, in a wife :
Wealth, with a heart to use it as a trust,
Free from the fool's parade and miser's thirst.
On all, a blessing visibly descends,
That speaks the favour of the best of friends.
But faith's keen eye can but in part explore
The op'ning prospect if you look *before*.
See the white robe, the conqueror's palm,
The crown of life, the harp of gold,
Await each humble follower of the Lamb,
And joys which never tarnish, or grow old.

To-morrow, when your family you meet,
Each face will undissembled pleasure wear,
Each tongue, heart taught, with gratulation
sweet,

Will hail your entrance on another year,
And I in spirit shall be with you there,
Allied in grace, tho' not in blood,
I claim and offer such a love,
As only near relations know.
Born of one Spirit from above
One is our common father, God,
And from one fountain all our comforts flow.
'Tis not in names or party walls,
Such friendship's influence to confine,
See bigotry, proud monster, falls
Before the power of love divine.

*O Saviour, may this love increase ;
With growing knowledge, comfort, peace,

Bless my beloved friend;
May he and his, and I and mine,
Serve thee on earth, then meet and join
In praise, that ne'er shall end.

John Newton.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

ROMANS v. 14. 15—16.

HAS sweetly sleep awhile, blest babe, thy sun
In haste hath set, thy race of suffering done;
A stranger to thy great Creator's name—
Unknown to thee thy glorious Saviour's fame.
Nor faith, nor hope, nor love, nor other grace,
Within thy infant bosom held their place.
No power hadst thou to shed one contrite tear,
One duteous act perform, or lisp one prayer,
But not in vain thy life! Thou hast not sown,
Yet the rich harvest reapest as thy own:
Thou hast not fought, but thou hast won the
prize,
Hast never borne the cross, yet gain'd the skies.
E'en guilt was thine, of Adam's guilty race;
Yet such the Father's love—the Saviour's grace,
That Father's love hath turn'd thy night to-day,
That Saviour's blood hath washed thy guilt away;
Clothed in his robe of righteousness divine,
Peace, freedom, life, and endless joys are thine.

APPEAL OF THE BLIND.

Sung by a number of Boys in a Blind Asylum.

YE see the glorious sun
The varied landscape light,
The moon, with all her starry train,
Illume the arch of night,
Bright tree, and bird, and flower,
That deck your joyous way,
The face of kindred and of friend,
More fair, more dear than they.
For us there glows no sun,
No green and flowery lawn :
Our rayless darkness hath no moon,
Our midnight knows no dawn ;
The parent's pitying eye,
To all our sorrows true,
The brother's brow, the sister's smile,
Have never met our view.
We have a lamp within,
That knowledge fain would light,
And pure Religion's radiance touch,
With beams for ever bright.
Say, shall it rise to share
Such radiance full and free ?
And will ye keep a Saviour's charge,
And cause the blind to see ?

Mrs. Sigourney.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

WHY, my soul with trembling fear?
Would'st thou linger always here?
Dost thou love thy prison so?
Wilt thou never wish to go?
Look beyond this earthly frame:
Rise, O rise; immortal flame!

Rise, my soul; triumphant sing:
"Where, O death, thy painful sting?
Where, O grave, thy dreadful power,
Since that great and awful hour,
When the Son of God arose,
And did heaven itself disclose?

"Pains and sorrow now adieu;
Once I sunk oppress'd by you.
Now the world of light appears,
I have done with carnal fears,
Quickly shall I haste away,
And enjoy eternal day.

Loved companion of my soul,
Thou must sink in earth awhile;
There, all mingled with the clay,
Thou must wait the judgment day:
Then the trumpet's awful sound,
Shall awake thee from the ground.

"Listen—now the heav'nly choirs,
Strike aloud their golden lyres.
Hark! they call thee to arise,
And with them ascend the skies.
View no more this transient scene,
Come with us to joy serene.

THE WANDERING HARPER.

HIS way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old ;
His wither'd cheeks and tresses grey,
Seem'd to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy ;
The last of all the bards was he
Who sang of Border chivalry—
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay ;
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne.
The bigots of the iron time,
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorn'd, and poor.
He begged his bread from door to door ;
And turned to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE BIBLE.

WHEN evening shades succeed the sun,
And all my earthly work is done,
Shall the precious hours amuse
In foolish jests, or trifling news?

No,—nobler themes demand my care!
Souls cannot feed on empty air;
One book my leisure shall employ:
My richest food—my purest joy.

Ask you, what merit can it claim
Above the books of wit and fame?
It tells me all I want to know,
To make me wise and blest below.

It shows my road to thrones above,
Where saints with angels dwell in love:
It marks the peaceful paths they trod;
Its theme is heaven—its author, God.

This book the wondrous history shows
How the wide world from nothing rose—
How, from confusion's tenfold night,
Sun, moon, and stars diffused their light.

There I behold Creation's plan,
How earth received her tenant, man:—
How bright he rose—how soon he fell;
And, born for Heaven, was doom'd to Hell.

Here, I survey, with deepest awe,
Heaven's holy, good, and righteous law;
Compared with this, myself I see
Covered with guilt and misery.

Then, trembling on destruction's brink,
My soul in dark despair would sink ;
But this blest book my peace secures,
And whilst it wounds, in mercy cures.

Far above men, or angels' thought,
I see my great salvation wrought ;
For God's own son from Heaven came down,
To purchase my immortal crown.

To save me from eternal fire,
Behold him on the cross expire ;
With mingled joy and grief I see,
How Jesus lived and died for me.

O let mine eyes with sorrow flow,
My heart with thankful wonder glow !
For sinners doom'd to endless pain
My Saviour died, and rose again.

Say ye, whom wit and mirth engage,
The lover's song, or hero's page,
Can all your books produce like mine
Such glorious deeds—such love divine !

Into this treasure would you look ?
The bible is my precious book ;
Which early, in this happy land,
I learnt to read and understand.

Say, have you lived on British ground,
And never yet this treasure found ;
Or, does it on your shelf appear,
Scarce touch'd or open'd through the year ?
Soon the Archangel's trump shall blow,
The earth shall melt—the skies shall glow.
Then shall these leaves with piercing light,
Open to men and angels' sight.

Then shall the judge, with solemn awe,
Proclaim the great eternal law :
Tried by this rule we then must go
To endless bliss or endless woe.

Who would not now both search and prize
That book in which salvation lies :
Which all his sin and care can tell—
Which leads to heaven, and saves from hell ?
Sweet book ! with thee, my guide, and friend,
My days begin, and sweetly end ;
In life my hope—in death, my stay,
My triumph in the judgment day.

A HYMN.

COMPOSED BY KRISKNOO, THE FIRST HINDOO
BAPTIZED IN BENGAL, AND AFTERWARDS
A PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL.

O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The friend, who all thy misery bore ;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget *him* not.
Bramhu* for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks :
Discharging all thy dreadful debt—
And can'st thou e'er such love forget ?
Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief :
Nor him forget who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

*The Hindoo name of the one God,

Infinite truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine ;
And canst thou then, by sin beset,
Such love and matchless charms forget.

Ah ! no, till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart,
And when at last from earth I rise,
And join the chorus in the skies.

Ah ! then, when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire ;
This name all others shall survive,
And thro' eternity shall live.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands,
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No wonders now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen !—
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee, a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh ! when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But thou hast said, the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize ;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.
Sir Walter Scott.

DANIEL.

God of my fathers ! bend a gracious ear
To my soul's anguish, in this hour of fear ;
The seal is set, the stern decree is pass'd—
Ere next its beams shall glad the earth again,
I shall have perish'd in that dreadful den :
How my heart shrinks before the dreadful
thought !
O God of Israel, now forsake me not !
Jerusalem, farewell ! I hoped to see,
A brighter era in thy destiny :
Thy years of widowhood are rolling by :
The hour foretold of God is drawing nigh,

When midst thy walls thy temple shall arise—
 Nor idol worship then insult the skies ;
 But fortified by sorrow, thou shall shine,
 Joy of the earth—pride of my royal line—

Is this the end of all my hopes and fears ?
 This the reward of all my anxious years ?
 Put not thy trust in princes—they are frail,
 Their will may alter, or their power may fail :
 The fragile reed on which I vainly leant,
 Hath broken ; and my wounded spirit, sent
 Back to the rock for shelter, finds thee still,
 My God, my trust, my hope, in good or ill.

Hope ! can I dream of hope ? what brilliant ray
 Hath chased the darkness from my soul away ?
 Is it a meteor, whose delusive light
 Gleams but to leave me in a deeper night ?
 No ! clearer, brighter, beams the star of faith—
 My God will save me from this dreadful death !
 Powerful though Darius be, there is still
 A King of Kings—who can resist his will !
 Dreadful though be the Lion, my defence
 Is in a mightier power—OMNIPOTENCE.

Mrs. Riley.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
 Come the way to Zion's gate ;
 There, till mercy speaks within,
 Knock and weep, and watch, and wait :
 Knock—he knows the sinner's cry ;
 Weep—he loves the mourner's tears ;

Watch—for saving grace is nigh ;
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.

Hark, it is thy Saviour's voice !

“ Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest.”

Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and own'd, and bought, and blest—
Safe from all the lures of vice,
Owned by joys the contrite know,
Bought by love, and life the prize,
Blest the mighty debt to owe !

Holy pilgrim ! what for thee,

In a world like this remains ?

From thy guarded breast shall flee,
Fear and shame, and doubt, and pains.
Fear the hope of heaven shall flee,
Shame from glory's view retire,
Doubt in full belief shall die,
Pain in endless bliss expire,

Crabbe.

THE WORLD AND HEAVEN.

WHY do ye seek felicity
Where 'tis not to be found,
And not, dear Lord, look up to thee,
Where all delights abound ?

O world ! how little do thy joys
Concern, a world that knows
Itself not made for such low toys,
As thy poor hand bestows !

Then take away thy tinsel wares,
That dazzle here our eyes :

Let us go up above the stars,
Where all our treasure lies.

The way we know : our dearest Lord
Himself has gone before ;
And has engaged his faithful word,
To open us the door.

But, O my God, reach out thy hand,
And take us up to thee,
That we about thy throne may stand,
And all thy glory see.

Dr. Hickes.

PLEADING FOR MERCY.

WHEN at thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer !
O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye ;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

O think upon thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there—
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how thy glory is to spare.
O think not of my doubts and fears,
My striving with thy grace divine :
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let his merits stand for mine.

Think, Lord, how I am still thy own,
The trembling creature of thy hand ;

Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.
O think how blind and weak am I,
How strong and wily are my foes :
They wrestled with thy hosts on high ;
And can a worm their might oppose ?
Thine eye, thine ear, they are not dull ;
Thine arm can never shortened be :
Behold me here—my heart is full—
Behold, and spare, and succour me !
No claim, no merits, Lord, I plead ;
I come, a humbled, helpless slave :
But, ah ! the more my guilty need,
The more thy glory, Lord, to save.

Rev. H. F. Lyte.

‘THE PLACE THEREOF SHALL SEE
HIM NO MORE.’

I gazed upon his study chair,
It's late possessor was not there,
For he had left this world of care,
His vacant seat at table said,
“The master of the house is dead,
His liberated soul is fled !”
The moss house lost its constant guest,
And this again, the truth impressed
That one of us had gone to rest.
At eventide, when seated round.
To catch, as wont, “the joyful sound,”
We wept, for he was under ground !

The children missed his nightly peep,
And they could not refrain to weep,
But sobbed their little eyes to sleep.
Mamma approached her widowed room,
Yet felt a peace amidst the gloom,
In fellowship beyond the tomb.
She whispered, "gone a stage before,
Where passing tempests never roar,
For he can sin nor suffer more.
"To thee, my gracious God, I flee;
Oh ! make his orphans live to thee,
And in my burden succour me.
"Afford me wisdom, grace and power,
Sufficient for this trying hour,
And this shall be the widow's dower."

REMEMBRANCE.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends ;
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends.
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.
To school the little one now goes,
Torn from his mother's arms,—
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms ?
● Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay.

And cares where love has no concern
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours,
Before his wish'd return.

From hard control and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,

In thought he loves to roam;
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes : the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind ;
Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
Its consolation find ?

Then is not youth as fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy ?
Ah no ! for hopes too long delay'd,
And feelings blasted or betrayed,
The fabled bliss destroy ;
And youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on :
But with the baseless hopes of Youth
Its generous warmth is gone ;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth ;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow ;

New ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

Southey.

SABBATH MORNING.

Sweet Sabbath morn ! from childhood's dim-
pled prime
I've lov'd to hail thy calm-renewing time ;
Soft steal thy bells upon the tranced mind,
In fairy cadence floating on the wind,
Telling of friends and times long flown away ;
And pensive hopes, harmonious with the day,
On thy still dawn, while holy music peals,
And far around the ling'ring echo steals,
What heart communes not with the day's repose,
And lull'd by angel dreams, forgets its woes ;
Who, in His temple gives to God a prayer,
Nor feels a portrait of bright heaven is there !
The sacred stillness of the vaulted pile,
Where gather'd hearts their homage breathe
awhile,
The mingled burst of penitential sighs,
The choral anthem pealing to the skies,
Exalt the soul to energies sublime,
And thoughts that reach beyond the realms of
time.

Montgomery.

THE EMIGRANT.

FAREWELL, ah, happy shades ! ah, scenes belov'd,
Of infant sports and bright unclouded hours ;
Where oft in childhood's happy days I rov'd
Thro' forest-walks, and wild secluded bow'rs !
Far from your woods, and sweet romantic glades,
A wand'ring emigrant I'm doom'd to roam,
Yet oft will memory, ling'ring in your shades,
Recal the dear-regretted charms of home !
Her magic pencil oft shall fondly trace
The mournful pictures of departed joy ;
To ev'ry image give a pensive grace,
Which time may soften—but canne'er destroy.
Ah ! scenes belov'd ! again delightful spring
In vernal beauty decks your smiling vales ;
With balmy odour scents the zephyr's wing,
And wafts from heav'n the soft Favonian gales.
With transport once, to hail her blest return,
I tun'd my artless reed, my numbers wild,
Then all was new in life's bewitching morn,
And hope—ah, fair enchantress ! gaily smiled.
Oh ! then, what airy visions of delight,
Beguill'd my youthful heart in ev'ry grove ;
Deluding fancy pictur'd to my sight
The fairy-land of happiness and love !
But now, for me, in vain the bow'rs expand,
And leaves unfolding, dress the woods anew ;
I go, a wanderer, to some distant land,
And bid my native hills—a last adieu !
Farewell the hermit-cell, the lov'd retreat,
The cottage mantle'd o'er with clustered vine !

Where mild content had found a tranquil seat,
And peace and calm domestic joys were mine.

Dear, lovely scene! how oft, at dawn of day,
My pipe has wak'd your mountain echoes sound,
How oft at evening's hour I lov'd to stray,
Beside the river's bank, with osiers crown'd.

Ye woodland stream, ye peaceful, happy shades,
Oft on your charms will pensive memory dwell;
Ah, native vales; ah, sweet embow'ring glades,
Scenes of my early youth!—A last farewell!

Mrs. Hemans.

THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

DEATH! there are some have seen thee very nigh
And they have not disliked thee—they have seen,
Through the short vista of some dying hours,
A scene that mortal accent scarce may speak,
Or mortal vision look upon and live.

The twilight hues of this receding world
Merged in the bright dawn of eternal day—
Oh! who can say what 'tis to see the end
Of all that earth calls sorrow, care, and toil?
To stand, as does the seaman, on the rock,
And look upon the waves with which he strove;
To rest our eye with calm serenity
On things that erst we dared not look upon,
Lest the dark scene should drive the brain to
madness—

To look upon our sick and faded hopes,
Our anxious fears, our treasures, loved and lost
As men look back upon their childhood's tears.

To lay aside our sins—to put them off,
And plunging in death's purifying streams,
Rise into being, spotless, incorrupt,
Immortal, infinite, secure from ill,
Secure from change, unless it be to grow,
More capable of bliss by being blest,
Perfect at first, and perfecting for ever.

Caroline Fry,

GRATITUDE.

THE week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on;
Rest—rest in peace—thy daily toil is done;
And standing, as thou standest, on the brink
Of a new scene of being, calmly think
Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be,
As one that trembles in eternity:
So sure as this now closing week is past,
So sure advancing Time will close my last;
Sure as to-morrow shall the awful light
Of the eternal morning hail my sight.
Spirit of God! on this week's verge I stand,
Tracing the guiding influence of Thy hand;
That hand which leads me gently, kindly, still
Up life's dark, stony, tiresome hill:
Thou, Thou in every storm hast sheltered me,
Beneath the wing of Thy benignity;—
A thousand graves Thy footsteps circumvent,
And I exist Thy mercy's monument!
A thousand writhe upon a bed of pain—
I live—and pleasure flows through every vein;
Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her wand,
I, circled by ten thousand mercies, stand.

How can I praise Thee, Father ! how express
My debt of reverence and thankfulness !
A debt that no intelligence can count,
Whose every moment swells its vast amount.
For the week's duties Thou hast given me
 strength,
And brought me to its tranquil close at length ;
And here my grateful bosom fain would raise
A fresh memorial to Thy praise.

Bowring.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

In deep affliction's troubled hour,
 When sorrow rules the breast,
And earthly soothing hath no power
 To calm the soul to rest—
And mirth but maketh jarring din,
Where all is heaviness within .
To thee we fly, oh God ! to thee,
 When all denies relief,
And still more tremulously flee
 In storms of deeper grief—
While all around to darkness turns,
Thy inward light more brightly burns.
Thy love, which passes mortal sense,
 To soothe, enlighten, save—
Through life, sustaining providence—
 Redemption in the grave :
Without it, life is idle breath,
Without it, terrible is death.

Wills.

P R A Y E R

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or express'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, " Behold he prays !"

The saints, in prayer, appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and the Son,
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus on th' eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God,
 The life, the Truth the Way !
 The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
 Lord, teach us how to pray !

Montgomery.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

AGAIN the week's dull labours close ;
 The sons of toil from toil, repose ;
 And fast the evening gloom descends,
 While home the weary peasant wends.
 This night his eyes, with slumber sweet,
 Shall drop their lids ; to-morrow greet
 A day of calm content, and rest—
 To labour's aching limbs how blest !

Now, ere I seek my peaceful bed,
 And on the pillow rest my head,
 Oh, come, my soul, and now survey
 The mercies of the week and day !
 From danger who my frame hath kept,
 While waking, and what time I slept !—
 Who hath my every want supplied,
 And to my footsteps proved a guide ?

'Tis Thou, my God !—to Thee belong
 Incense of praise, and hallowed song ;
 To Thee be all the glory given,
 Of all my mercies under heaven.
 From Thee my daily bread and health,
 Each comfort—all my spirit's wealth
 Have been derived : my sins alone,
 And errings I can call my own.

Oh, when to-morrow's sun shall rise,
 And light once more shall glad these eyes,
 May I thy blessed Sabbath prove,
 A day of holy rest and love.

May my Redeemer's praises claim
 My constant thought ; the Spirit's flame
 Descend, my accents to inspire,
 And fill my soul with hallow'd fire.
 And when the night of death is come,
 And I must slumber in the tomb,
 Oh, then, my God, this faint heart cheer,
 And far dispel the shades of fear ;
 And teach me, in thy strength, to tread
 The path which leads me to the dead,
 Assured, when life's hard toils are o'er,
 Of rest with Thee for evermore !

Walker.

THE SABBATH.

WHAT spell has o'er the populous city past ?
 The wonted current of its life is stay'd ;
 Its sports, its gainful schemes are earthward cast,
 As though their vileness were at once display'd ;
 The roar of trade has ceased, and on the air
 Come holy songs, and solemn sounds of prayer.
 Farspreads the charm : from every hamlet spire
 A note of rest, and heavenward thought is
 peal'd ;
 By his calm hearth reclines the peasant sire ;
 The toil-worn steed basks in the breezy field.
 Within, without, through farm and cottago blest,
 'Tis one bright day of gladness and of rest.
 Down from the mountain dwellings, whilst the
 dew
 Shines on the heath-bells, and the fern is
 bending
 In the fresh breeze, in festive garbs I view [ing.
 Childhood and age, and boyish youth descend-

God !—who has plied thy wonders round their home,

'Tis in their love they to thy temple come.

A stately ship speeds o'er the mighty main—

Oh ! many a league from our own happy land ;
Yet from its heart ascends the choral strain ;

For there its little isolated band
Amid the ocean desert's awful roar [shore.
Praise him whose love links shore to distant

O'er palmy woods where summer radiance falls,
In the glad islands of the Indian main,
What thronging crowds the missionary calls
To raise to heaven the Christian's glorious strain !

Lo ! where, amid the children of the sun,
Stands the white man, and counts his victories won.

In the fierce deserts of a distant zone,
Mid savage nations, terrible and stern,
A lonely atom, severed from his own,
The traveller wends, death or renown to earn,
Parched, fainting, wearied, verging to despair,
He kneels, he prays—hope kindles in his prayer.
O'er the wide world, blest day, thine influence flies,

Rest o'er the sufferer spreads her balmy wings ;
Love wakes, joy dawns, praise fills the listening skies ;

The expanding heart from earth's enchantment springs :
Heaven, for one day, withdraws its ancient ban,
Unbars its gates, and dwells once more with man.

William Howitt.

PARK'S FIRST JOURNEY IN AFRICA.

" Whatever way I turned (says Park) nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness; in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to shew from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation, for, though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image. Surely not. I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand, and I was not disappointed.

The following verses on the above affecting incident, were written by Alexander Letham, an inmate of the Asylum for the Blind, at Edinburgh,

AH ! lovely flower, what care, what power,
 In thy fair structure are displayed
 By him who reared thee to this hour
 Within the forest's lonely shade !
 Thy tender stalk, and fibres fine,
 Here find a shelter from the storm ;
 Perhaps no human eyes but mine,
 Ere gazed upon thy lovely form.

The dew-drop glistens on thy leaf,
As if thou seem'st to shed a tear ;
As if thou knew'st my tale of grief ;
Felt all my sufferings severe !

But, ah ! thou know'st not my distress,
In danger here from beasts of prey,
And robbed of all I did possess,
By men more fierce by far than they.

Nor canst thou ease my burdened sigh,
Nor cool the fever at my heart,
Though to the zephyrs passing by,
Thou dost thy balmy sweets impart.

Yet, He that formed thee, little plant,
And bade thee flourish in this place,
Who sees and knows my every want,
Can still support me by His grace.

Oft has His arm, all strong to save,
Protected my defenceless head,
From ills I never could perceive,
Nor could my feeble hand have staid.

Then shall I still pursue my way
O'er this wild desert's sun-burnt soil,
To where the ocean's swelling spray
Washes my longed for, native home.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand ;
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land,

The deer across the greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
The swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England !
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England !
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath-hours !
Solemn, yet sweet, the church bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn ;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England !
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er her silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there they lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath the caves.

The free, fair Homes of England !
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May sons of valour there be reared
To guard each hallowed wall !

And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God !

Mrs. Hemans.

A HYMN AT SUNSET AMONG THE ALPS.

Oh Thou who hast thine altar made
On every mountain's brow ;
Whose temple is the forest's shade,
Its arch, the forest bough ;
How thou hast ever listened when we prayed,
And thou wilt hear us now.
To each—to all—thy bounty flows
Full, boundless, deep and free ;
Thou hast flowers for earth, and stars for heaven,
And gems for the blue sea :
And for us our everlasting hills,
And hearts which dauntless be.
More hast thou given, oh God ! yes more
Than our spirits true and bold ;
And our mighty mountain sentinels,
Those watchers stern and old—
The shadow of a glorious past
Our memory doth enfold.
That little band of shepherd men
Who left their flocks with Thee,
And, strong in heart, went boldly forth
To make our mountains free—
Thy hand was with their stedfast worth,
And they won the vict'ry.

And they the saints of later time,
Who dwell in places lone,
And wandering exiles for their faith,
Through toil and famine, fight and death
Their martyr'd crowns have won.—
'Twas thou received their fleeting breath
And they sit beneath thy throne.

Forsake us not, but as of old
So let our spirits be ;
And give us still the courage bold
To keep our mountains free :
And our ancestral faith to hold,
Wherewith we worship thee.

The cattle on a thousand hills,
The feeble and the small—
We leave throughout the silent night,
Nor fear lest harm befall ;
For thou who blessed the patriarch's store,
Will guard and keep us all.

Praise from the mountain's lordly crest,
Praise from the valley lone,
For all our daily blessedness,
For our bright ones who're gone,
To thee, the mightiest, wisest, best,
The great Eternal One !

THE OCEAN.

VAST empire of deep waters ! emblem thou
 In thy extent, of the great space which grasps
 Thee in his arms. Source and tomb of flowing
 Livers, and the impetuous torrent wild,
 Dwelling place of dark abysses and winds
 That blow for ever. Wondrous fluid,—storm
 Immense, roaring like the deep son'd thunder
 In the midnight cloud, of dark and yawning
 gulphs

Compos'd, and lakes expansive : thy giant limbs,
 Many and long, are seen in twenty seas,
 Which form the mighty girdle of the earth,
 And dashing, spout upon the rocky flanks
 Of its great continents. Thou, whose rocky depth
 No plummet ever fathom'd, and whose waves
 But cease to flow, where Boreal frost together
 Knits them, and builds his icy mountains,
 Mountains made of thy breath, reaching to heav'n
 Burying nature deep, and blocking up
 The path of nature's proud and powerless lord,
 Terrible Ocean ! here my timid eye
 Sees living earth and puny man no more,
 But all things locked in thy embrace, and withering
 ing

In the icy breath of death eternal :
 What are the two great worlds to thee ? two isles ;
 And once when with thy offspring waters join'd,
 Thou leap'dst thy bounds, and like a conqueror
 proud,
 Rod'st fiercely in thy might—these disappear'd
 Swallow'd and lost in thy enormous womb,
 With every isle besides.

But still thou hast a Master, aye,
The hand that pour'd thy billows forth, and bade
Them roll expansive o'er the desert void,
Has limited thy rage, and made thee cease
Thy wandering,—where the sandy barrier
Chains and repels thy efforts.

Jabez Cole.

TO THE DEPARTED YEAR.

I will not grieve that thou art gone,—
I wept while thou wast here ;
But still thy even course went on,
In spite of many a tear !

I will not mourn, though thou art dead,
Nor wear the garb of grief ;
Each hour of thine successive fled,
Nor brought this heart relief !

I do remember well the day
That being gave to *THEE* !
But I was *then* far, far away,
Beyond the broad blue sea.

That hour a flattering tale Hope told,
Of bliss thou hadst in store ;
But long ere thou wast twelve months old,
Hope's flattering tale was o'er.

Hark ! what's that midnight peal I hear ?
The bells chime merrily ;
They say, & Hail new and joyous year !"—
No compliment to thee.

And may the "new and joyous year!"
 To all who hear the peal
 Be truly such as shall appear
 When time its doom shall seal.

Anon.

STANZAS.

Oh ! there are moments, moments felt by all
 When life and hope, when joy and pleasure fade,
 Oh ! there are moments when the spirit falls
 Beneath affliction, when in pain array'd.—

Yes ! I have felt and bent beneath the blow
 Of stern affliction, in the trying hour ;
 And I have proved how fleeting all below,
 How short the season of all mortal power,

Remembrance still recalls the painful scene,
 My memory dwells upon the parting breath—
 I view'd the pallid brow, calm and serene,
 Yet cannot think my—sleeps in death.

Oft o'er his couch I bent in mute despair,
 And plac'd my hand upon his fever'd brow,
 Wild was the throbbing pain that lingered there,
 It was the pulse of death,—I feel it now.

Then I beheld his brilliant glazed eye ;—
 'Twas fixed on vacancy,—he knew me not,
 I could not bear that look—I sobbed good bye,
 A last good bye,—and hurried from the spot.

Then next I heard that his last breath had fled,
 And his tired spirit left his frail abode ;
 And this was true,—I felt that he was dead,
 And yet my bosom heaved beneath the load.

Rest, suffering spirit ? I would not recall
Thee back to life, and all its woes again :—
Yet fond affection mourns thy early fall,
In secret tears and many a heartfelt pain.
Day after day in quick succession move,
Week after week rolls on, and glides away,
Month after month yet pressing, still will prove
Thine image in my heart will ne'er decay.
Charlotte English.

ODE TO SPRING.

Now Spring returns, but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known :
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.
Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass.
The winged moments, whose unceasing speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.
Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains,
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
 When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes;
 The world and all its busy follies leave,
 And talk with wisdom where my Sarah lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
 When death shall shut these weary aching
 eyes;
 Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
 Till the long night is gone, and the last morn
 arise.

Bruce.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Like summer eve, when sunlight throws
 A beauteous parting ray around;
 And silent shades in peace repose
 Upon the soft and dewy ground.

As still, as peaceful, and serene,
 Is the last ray when life is done;
 When Hope's bright beam, smiles o'er the
 scene

Which saw a glorious race begun.

What though around his couch may fall,
 The dewdrops from kind pity's eye;
 The happy spirit smiles on all,
 And shines upon another sky.

Oh! such is life, whose parting ray
 Throws lustre on a world of sorrow;
 For as its brightness dies away,
 There's promise of a glorious morn
 ever.

THE SABBATH.

HAIL, peaceful morn, thy dawn I hail !

How do thy hours my mind regale

With fruits of heavenly joy !

Nor can I all thy blessings name,

Which kindle in my soul a flame,

And all my powers employ.

Thou hallow'd season of repose,

Thou balm to soothe the throbbing woes

Of this care-stricken breast ;

Thy sacred hours I'll ever greet,

And with the faithful will I meet

To taste thy holy rest.

How shall I best improve thy hours ?

Lord, on me shed in copious showers

Thy Spirit and thy grace !

That when thy Sacred courts I tread,

My soul may eat thy heav'nly bread,

And sing Jehovah's praise.

May every sermon, like the dew,

Gently descend, refresh, renew,

And console my mind ;

Received with meekness, truth, and love,

Engrafted, fruitful may it prove,

And leave its joy behind.

And to my chamber I'll repair,

To commune with my God in pray'r,

And all my griefs to tell ;

His kind compassion will relieve,

His bounteous hand will mercies give,

With mourners he will dwell.

Thus may my Sabbath pass away,
My best, my holiest, happiest day,
The sweetest of the seven :
But yet a rest for Saints remains,
A Sabbath free from cares and pains
Eternal, and in Heaven.

Anon:

THE WATERFALL.

I love the roaring waterfall,
Within some deep, romantic glen ;
'Mid deserts wild, remote from all
The gay and busy haunts of men ;
For its loud thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

They tell of ages long gone by,
And beings that have passed away,
Who sought, perhaps, with curious eye,
These rocks where now I love to stray ;
And thus its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

And from the past they seem to call
My spirit to the realms beyond
The ruin that must soon befall
These scenes, where grandeur sits enthron'd :
And thus its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

For I am on a torrent borne,
That whirls me rapidly away,
From morn to eve—from eve to morn—
From month to month—from day to day,

And all that live and breath with me
Are hurrying to eternity.

The mighty cataract's thundering sound,
In louder thunder soon must die :
And all these rugged mountains round,
Uprooted must in ruin lie :
But that dread hour will prove to me,
The dawning of eternity !

Eternity ! that vast unknown !
Who can that deep abyss explore,
Which swallows up the ages gone,
And rolls its billows evermore ?
O, may I find that boundless sea,
A bright, a blest eternity !

Raffles.

HOME.

Home of my youth . though thy pleasant shades
I never more may see ;
And many years have pass'd away
Since last I gazed on thee .

Yet Memory fondly loves to trace
Each well remembered scene,
And lingers, as in childhood's hours,
Among thy meadows green.

Again I see the verdant mead,
Be spread with early flowers ;
And hear the song of the young birds
In the dark leafy bowers.

The gushing river murmuringly,

And e'en the old oak tree,—

Yes ! o'er them all there is a spell,

Which chains my soul to thee.

For I have been in other lands,

Have trod Imperial Rome ;

Yet even midst the glories there

I sigh'd to think of Home.

Yet now what would I there ? alas !

All whom I prized are gone ;

And cold and distant those dear forms,

I lov'd to look upon.

And ye, mine infant playmates too,—

Oh ! 'twas a happy time,

When we roam'd through the sunny fields

In our young joyous prime.—

Where are we now ? some sunk to rest,

And others far away ;

And many long ere now have found,

Their once bright hopes decay.

Yet still in that beloved spot,

Where our young hours were pass'd,

I fain would wander once again,

And linger till the last.

Oh ! 'twould be sweet, when life declines,

And I no more can roam,

At last to close my weary eyes,

Amidst the scenes of Home !

Anon.

ON SEEING THE STATUE OF MY LATE
UNCLE, DR. ALDERSON OF HULL.

'Tis he ! through tears the long-loved form I
trace,

His manly bearing, his expressive face !
Those eager eyes which spoke the active mind,
Intent on plans to benefit mankind.
Yes—every feature in the mantle lives,
And all the comfort art can yield it gives.
But there's a balm for fond survivors' hearts
Beyond what sculpture's utmost power imparts;
For faithful memory paints the general woe
On the wide shores where Humber's waters flow.
When he, the kind physician, father, friend,
In vigorous age was hurried to his end.
He paints the thousands thronging round his
bier

All ranks, all ages, equal mourners there;
While grateful groups his generous zeal recall'd,
When by no shrinking selfishness appall'd,
He cross'd the dangerous tide at midnight's
hour,

To yield the treasures of his healing power :
Alike to him, if rich or poor required,
The welcome aid by suffering pain desired.
What, tho' full oft the threat'ning wintry gale
Blew loud and fearful through the moaning
sail ;

Undaunted still, he cross'd the wintry wave,
His dearest aim to succour and to save.
Then raise the statue ! raise the breathing bust,
Let the proud marble guard the precious dust,

Let learning's pen inscribe his honor'd name,
And on the stone engrave his lasting fame.
But know, such worth requires no sculptor's art,
He lives recorded on the grateful heart.

Mrs. Opie.

THE VISIBLE CREATION.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears ;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.
Behold this fair, and fertile soil,
By him in wisdom plann'd ;
'Twas he who girded like a robe
The ocean round the land.
Lift to the firmament your eye,
Thither his path pursue ;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.
The forests in his strength rejoice ;
Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.
His blessings fall in plenteous showers,
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit and flowers,
And tinge with infant mirth.
If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound ;
How beautiful beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found.

Montgomery.

THE RISING MOON.

THE moon is up ! How calm and slow,
She wheels above the hills !
The weary winds forget to blow,
And all the world lies still.
The way-worn travellers with delight,
The rising brightness see,
Revealing all the paths and plains
And gilding every tree.
So once on Judah's evening hills,
The heavenly lustre spread,
The gospel sounded from the blaze,
And shepherds gazed with dread.
And still that light upon the world
Its guiding splendour throws :
Bright in the opening hours of life,
But brighter at the close.
The waning moon, in time, shall fail
To walk the midnight skies,
But God hath given this bright light,
A fire that never dies.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

HARK ! hark ! around the mansions of the dead
Sinks the low dirge, or swells the anthem loud ;
And hark ! the words, the solemn words are said,
That bid the dust its kindred dust enshroud.
The tomb has closed—and, like a passing cloud,
A feverish dream, the pageant all has fled ;

Back in deep sorrow, wend the weeping crowd,
Back moves the mourning train with measured
tread ;
Nor sigh, nor sound, disturbs the lovely slum-
berer's bed.

That slumberer weeps no more—but Albion's
pride
Is wept by all, save Albion's aged king :
For one lost maiden,* resting by her side,
His sorrow flowed, till Heaven had dried the
spring —

Windsor ! at once within thy moated ring,
We wail the severed stem, though bare and lone,
We wail the ruin despoiled by winter's wing :—
These are the splendid miseries of a throne,—
Away, away, frail man, go muse upon thine own.

TO AN INFANT.

SWEET infant, when I gaze on thee,
And mark thy spirit's bounding lightness,
Thy laugh of playful ecstasy,
Thy glance of animated brightness,
How beautiful the light appears
Of Reason in her first revealings,
How blest the boon of opening years,
Unclothed hopes, unwithered feelings !
Thou hast not felt Ambition's thrall,
Thou dost not sigh for absent treasures,
Thy dark eye beams in joy on all,
Simple and artless are thy pleasures ;

* The Princess Amelia.

And should a tear obscure thy bliss,
I know the spell to soothe thy sadness,
The magic of thy father's kiss
Can soon transform thy grief to gladness,
The world, my fair, and sprightly boy,
May give thy feelings new directions,
But may its changes ne'er destroy,
The fervour of thy warm affections !
Still may thy glad contented eyes
Smile on each object they are meeting,
Yet, most of earthly blessings, prize
A parent's look—a parent's greeting—
And, oh ! may He whose boundless love
Excels the fondest mother's kindness,
Teach thy young heart for Him to glow,
Thy ways from sin to sever :
And guide thy steps in peace below,
To realms where peace endures for ever !

LINES,

Suggested by the sight of Bishop Coverdale's Arm-chair,
now in the possession of George Wear Braikenridge,
Esq., of Broomwell House, near Bristol.

Did, then, the venerable Coverdale
Own, his rude chair ? Did he, whose ardent zeal
First gave to England God's eternal word
In her own language, rest his aged limbs
In this plain seat of simple workmanship ?
Hail vaulted relic of departed days :
Memorial of past cares, and toil endured,
For God and virtue's sake ! How does the sight

Of thy quaint antiquated form call up
 The thought of times gone by, of studious hours,
 Of nights consumed in anxious solitude,
 In saintly meditation, and in prayer
 To that benignant Spirit, which doth instruct,
 To read aright the oracles of God !
 Methinks I see the reverend prelate sit,
 His wrapt eye raised to Heaven, and lighted up
 With glad anticipation of the fruit
 Of that blest tree of knowledge, which his hand
 Is planting in his native soil. I see
 His pale face brightly beaming as he reads
 Of that all gracious promise that the wise
 Shall shine like to the firmament, and they
 That turn their brethren unto righteousness
 Even as the stars for ever and ever.
 I mark him as he turns the sacred page,
 How he draws comfort from the gracious words
 Of his Redeemer : " Blessed is the man
 Who suffereth persecution for the sake
 Of righteousness ; for heaven itself is his."
 Cheer'd by his Saviour's promise, how his soul
 Soars upward ! how he plies his much lov'd task,
 Reckless of torture, and the blood-stained sword
 Of unrelenting bigotry ! He bears
 In mind the great Creator's first command,
 " Let there be light," and lo, the task is done :
 Now lettest thou thy servant, Lord, depart
 In peace, and holy triumph ; for his eyes
 Have seen the sacred volume shed its light
 Upon his native land. England, the word
 Of life is thine ! O prize it as thou ought'st,
 And venerate the name of him whose hand
 Dauntless, first gave it to his parent land.

J. E.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade, when all things rest :
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose " the better part."
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet ;
And Lydia's gently open'd heart
Was made for God's own temple meet ;
Fairest and best adorn'd is she,
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's highest crown,
In deepest adoration bends,
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most, when most his soul ascends ;
Nearest the throne itself must be,
The footstool of humility.

Montgomery.

THE SABBATH.

was glad when they said unto me, " Let us go into the
House of the Lord."—Psalm cxxii. 1.

As camels, journeying o'er the waste,
Where skies meridian beam,
Long in the fertile vale to taste,
The cool refreshing stream.

So does the Christian long to view
The Sabbath morn arise,

That he may feast on heavenly dew,
And drink divine supplies.

Weary with toils, with cares opprest,
He seeks for an abode,
Awhile from toils and cares to rest,
And commune with his God.

Oh ! how delightful is the place,
Where holy men proclaim
The Gospel of eternal peace,
And preach its Author's name !

Lord, let us to thy gates repair,
To hear the gladdening sound ;
That we may find salvation there,
Whilst yet it may be found.

There let us joy and comfort reap ;
There teach us how to pray
For grace to choose, and strength to keep
The straight, the narrow way.

And so increase our love for thee,
That all our future days,
May one continued Sabbath be,
Of gratitude and praise.

Dr. Oka.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Still this one thing I do,"
The great apostle cried,
"The things unseen pursue,
Forgetting all beside."

O thou dost teach us still,
And we would learn of thee ;
Till on the heavenly hill,
Thy God, and ours, we see.

Forget the things behind—
Press on to things before ;
Whatever thou dost find,
Leave it, and ask for more.

And what dost thou receive ?
Light, truth, and grace, and bliss !
And yet, canst thou believe,
Thou shalt have more than this.

Thou shalt see greater things,
Than yet have bless'd thine eye ;
And faith must raise her wings
Higher, and yet more high.

The fairest fruits that grow,
Highest on life's fair tree,
Believe, rejoice, and know,
That they grow there for thee.

O, use the grace thou hast,
In asking yet for more ;
And all thy burden cast
On him the cross who bore.

Ask, and thou shalt obtain
Peace on a battle field ;
Loss shall be changed to gain,
And fear to hope shall yield.

The sea of love divine,
However deep it be,
Believe that it is thine,
And trust that boundless sea.

Then press towards the mark
Of thy high calling's prize ;
Beyond death's valley dark
The full fruition lies.

Anon.

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

WITHIN the Church a fountain springs,
It started from the Saviour's side ;
Peace, pardon, joy, to all it brings—
The life-blood of the Crucified.

The living streams for ever flow,
For ever pure, for ever free ;
The spirit's solace here below,
The succour for eternity.

“ Ho, every one that thirsts, draw nigh,”—
Beloved, hear the voice divine !
The broken heart, the contrite sigh,
Are welcome there, and these are thine.

Come, then, the Spirit calls—come now,
In humble faith, in trembling love ;
Drink comfort for thy sorrows here,
And taste before, the bliss above.

Bishop Donne.

EVENING HYMN FOR SATURDAY.

Now sinks in night the flaming sun :
O thou, our everlasting day,

Thrice holy Godhead, Three in One,
 Thy brightness to our hearts display;
 To Thee, we hymn the morning lay,
 To Thee our evening vows are given :
 Grant us, as here to Thee we pray,
 To praise Thee in the courts of heaven.
 No shadows there, nor clouds impede
 The view, with visions of affright;
 Nor sun, nor moon, those mansions need,—
 The Lamb is their perpetual light.

O, yet unseen by mortal sight,
 May in our souls that scene endure,
 That we, through hope of that delight,
 May purer grow as Thou art pure !
 And when the day shall come that we
 Shall know, no more, as now, in part,
 May we unveil'd, Thy presence see,
 Be like, and know Thee as Thou art :
 And evermore, with voice and heart,
 Join concert with Thy heavenly host,
 And bear, in praising Thee, our part,
 Thee—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CHRIST THE WAY.

" I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh
 unto the father but by me."

THERE is one only path to mortals given,
 By which they may ascend to heaven.

Thou art the way—O may I walk therein,
 And leave the varied paths of woe and sin !

Thou art the truth, blest Sun ! send out thy light,
And dissipate the shades of deathful night ;
Thou art the life—be thou the Fount in me,
Whose living stream flows through eternity.

'Tis, Jesus ! by thy Spirit and thy blood,
The fallen race of man is brought to God.

Thou art the way to heaven, the living way,
By which we mount to realms of endless day :
'Thou art the truth, by whose enlight'ning ray
Alone, we find the one appointed way ;
'Thou art the life, by which we gain the strength
To tread the way when found, and reach our
heaven at length.

Anne Elliott.

THE HOSPITAL CHAPLAIN.

ALTHOUGH the echoing voice of fame
Sound not thy labours and thy name,
Though many deem confined and drear
The duties of thy narrow sphere ;
Still, when I look around and see
Thy brethren of the ministry,
By troubles, toils, and cares opprest,
I prize thy tranquil place of rest.

Thou dost not view with sorrowing eyes
The slaves of idle vanities
A heedless course of pleasure run,
Thy warnings slight, thy presence shun,
Or coldly bend their listless way
To hear thee on the Sabbath-day,
Then, even from God's holy fane,
Rush to the dazzling world again.

Thou art not called on to oppose
Bold lawless men, religion's foes,
Ready, and loud in faction's cause,
Scoffing established claims and laws,
Fluent with sceptic doubt and sneer,
While thou must silent stand, and hear
All that thou hold'st most dear, most blest,
The subject of a reckless jest.

And oh ! when death thy flock is nigh,
Thou need'st not vainly strive and sigh,
The couch of suffering to attend,
Watched by some false officious friend,
Who, light of thought, and cold of heart,
Can let the sinner's soul depart,
Close to his minister's abode,
Without a word of Christ and God !

No, they who claim thy cares, are all
Humbly prepared to meet thy call,
By sickness curbed, by pain subdued,
By kindness won to gratitude—
Amid their ranks thou seem'st to move
A messenger of peace and love,
Of mercies more than man has given,
Mercies revealed and sent by Heaven.

Spirits tumultuous, proud, and wild,
Then learn the meekness of a child ;
Freed from the world's oppressive care,
And safe from its seductive snare,
They mourn to look their hearts within,
They joy to hear of pardon'd sin,
And trustfully in him confide,
Who for the lost and guilty died.

Though none should in their posts repine,
 Few own a privilege like thine,
 To mingle hopes of heavenly birth,
 With the soft charities of earth,
 To see thy dying charge receive
 Each aid that human skill can give,
 And add thine own best boon of love,
 Glad tidings of a world above.

Mrs. Abby.

"NO INFLUENCE."

WHAT if the little rain should say,
 So small a drop as I,
 Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields,
 I'll tarry in the sky !"

What if a shining beam at noon,
 Should in its fountain stay,
 Because its feeble light alone
 Cannot create a day !

Doth not *each rain-drop* help to form
 The cold refreshing shower ;
 And *every ray of light* to warm
 And beautify the flower ?

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAIN CHRISTIANS.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our father's God !
 Thou hast made our children mighty,
 By the touch of the mountain sod.

Thou hast fixed our place of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod ;
For the strength of the hills, we bless thee,
Our God, our father's God !

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die ;
We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky :
The Rock yields founts of courage,
Struck forth as by the rod,
For the strength of the hills, we bless thee,
Our God, our father's God.

For the dark resounding heavens,
Where thy still small voice is heard,
For the strong pines of the forests
That by thy breath are stirr'd ;
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad ;
For the strength of the hills, we bless thee,
Our God, our father's God.

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights !
But we for thy communion
Have sought the mountain sod,
For the strength of the hills, we bless thee,
Our God, our father's God.

Mrs. Hemans

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak tree, and the cedar tree,
 Without a flower at all.

He might have made indeed enough,
 For ev'ry want of ours;
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,
 And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
 Requireth none to grow,
 Nor doth it need the lotus-flower*
 To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
 The nightly dew might fall;
 And the herb that keepeth life in man,
 Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
 All dyed with rain bow light:
 All fashion'd with supremest grace,
 Up springing day and night.

Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountains high,
 And in the silent wilderness,
 Where no man passes by!

Our outward life requires them ~~not~~—
 Then wherefore had they birth?
 To minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth;

* Water Lily.

To comfort man—to whisper life,
 Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
 Will much more care for him !

Mary Howitt.

MY NATIVE PLACE.

O what a joy it was to me
 To go unto my native place ;
Where many were most dear to see,
 To see, and to embrace.

My tender mother : Oh ! how long
 Would anxiously my coming wait,
With patience and affection strong,
 Beside the garden gate ;

My father ! with that aspect bland,
 Where less appeared of loving zeal ;
Yet in whose cordial grasp of hand
 Was felt how he could feel ;

And brothers, sisters, not a few,
 Who hailed me, half-way ushered in,
The elder with a tender view,
 The youngsters with a merry din.

And when through those old fields to pass,
 Where in our childhood we had played ;
Flowers gathering in the sunny grass,
 Or sporting in the shade.

O, then it was a joy to me
 To go unto my native place,
Where many were most dear to see,
 To see and to embrace.

Now, after many years, I go,
A grave and thoughtful man,
Many to meet, and few to know,
Now pacing where where we ran,

Little I find to love or praise,
In haunts that were most dear;
But wander, in a thoughtful maze,
And nothing see nor hear.

The present is not—in the first,
Labours the mind, as in a dream;
And dulness from the heart is cast,
O'er field, and cot, and stream.

My native home, when it is found,
The Stranger in it dwells :
And there is sorrow in the sound
Of these old village bells.

Richard Howitt.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Lo ! return'd the joyful season,
When the blessed Son of God
From his Father's throne descended
And with sinful man abode.

Though he dwell in boundless glory,
Where the tide of bliss o'erflows,
Yet to save a world of sinners,
He became a man of woes.

Far from God mankind had fallen,
Nothing could redeem our race,
Nothing—but thy blest atonement,
Prince of Righteousness and peace.

Press'd with loads of guilt and anguish,
 Hopeless now no more we groan :—
 What is man, thou dear Redeemer,
 That such love to him is shown ?

Since for us HE liv'd in sorrow,
 And expired in cruel pain,
 How shall we, our sins retaining
 Crucify our Lord again ?

Lord, impart thy grace and blessing,
 Make our hearts and tongues agree
 With the host of heaven triumphant
 Still to bless and worship thee.

Glory be to God, the Father ;
 Glory be to God, the Son ;
 Glory be to God, the Spirit ;
 Hail for ever, Three in One.

Rev. N. Bute.

SEEKING THE LORD.

"To morrow I will seek the Lord,"
 The foolish heart will say ;
 To morrow may no life afford—
 So seek the Lord to day.

Seek him while yet he will be found—
 Seek him from early youth—
 Seek him in all his works around,
 And in his page of truth.

Seek him with all your might and mind—
 Seek him with holy care—
 Seek him in thoughts of heavenly kind—
 Seek him in praise and prayer.

Seek him when your delights decay,
And when they flourish, seek ;
Seek him on every Sabbath day,
And through the passing week.

Seek him, and him you soon shall find,
And own how blest are they,
Who put the morrow from the mind,
To seek the Lord to day.

G. B.

ON THE LOSS OF MY CHILD.

Does heaven behold these sadly falling tears,
Shed by a mother o'er her darling child ?
Ah ! blasted hopes and heart distracting fears,
That fill my heart with frantic sorrow wild.

Yes, Heaven beholds ; from thence the stroke
descends,
And Heaven alone can heal the wounds it gave.
Oh, Thou, who dost afflict for gracious ends,
Send my sad soul to scenes beyond the grave !

'Tis there alone all tears are wiped away ;
There death divided friends shall part no more.
Oh, Thou Supreme ! whose years know no decay,
Teach me thy dispensation to adore.

Clarinda (Mrs. M. Lechese).

GENIUS AND INTEMPERANCE.

Oh ! could I write, that I *myself* could save,
From this one cause, this sure untimely grave,

This endless want, that soon must stop my breath,
These flaming draughts, which bring the surest
death.

Then should my muse upon her wings advance,
And Genius triumph o'er Intemperance—
I know there's mirth, and there's a flash of joy,
When friends with friends a social hour employ,
When the full bowl is circled all around,
And not a single jarring string is found.

But truest wisdom of a young man's heart,
Is from such tempting scenes to stand apart—
Thousands of hopeful youths, who first begin
To mix with friends in this bewitching sin,
Soon lose their resolution—and what then?
But conscience smitten, outcast wretched men—
I could employ my pen for weeks, for years
Write on this subject—wet it with my tears;
For spacious as the ocean is the scope;
For drinking, drowns all genius, wealth and hope,
Lays best of characters below the dust,
And fills connexions with a deep distrust.
But in weak verse, the ills can ne'er be told—
Eternity alone can these unfold,
That those who know these ills, may stop in time
Is my last wish, as thus I end my rhyme.*

DEVOTION.

THERE is devotion in the summer breeze—
In the sweet murmur of the mountain rill—
'Tis heard when tempests sweep the lonely hill,
And whirlwinds prostrate lay the aged trees.

*The writer of these lines fell a victim to Intemperance.

There is devotion in the lark's sweet song,
 When morning rises from the lap of light ;
 A thousand insects breathe it from among
 The summer fields, and garden flow'rets bright,
 'Tis heard when peace reigns o'er the tranquil
 sea,
 When the loud waves beat on the rugged
 shore,
 When labour carols on the fertile lea,
 Or from the woods the blackbirds warbling
 pour ;
 But oh ! how pure when childhood bends the
 knee,
 And whispers praise to Him, whom heaven and
 earth adore ! *Anon.*

SUPPLICATION.

OH God that madest the earth and sky ; the
 darkness and the day,
 Give ear to this thy family, and help us while
 we pray !
 For wide the waves of bitterness around our
 vessel roar,
 And heavy grows the pilot's heart, to view the
 rocky shore !
 The Cross our master bore for us, for Him we
 fain would bear ;
 But mortal strength to weakness turns, and
 courage to despair !
 Then mercy on our failings, Lord ! our sinking
 faith renew !
 And when thy sorrows visit us, O send thy pa-
 tience too ! *Bishop Heber.*

RUTH AND NAOMI.*

LEAVE thee, my mother? think'st we can part?
Doth not thy look belie thy lips command?
Will not the sunshine of one faithful heart
Cheer thy sad journey to thy native land?
A sonless widow'd wanderer though you be,
Thou art not childless while I am with thee.
Thy slightest wish was wont in happier days,
In our glad home, to serve as a behest;
Thy wish, if not thy word, she still obeys,
When thy child seeks with thee a peaceful rest
Where Israel's faith, with Israel's name is
found,
And holy worship makes it sacred ground.
Think'st thou the faith taught by the lips I loved
Hath faded with the voice that gave it birth?
That vision of a life to come, which proved
His hope in death, is dimmed by thoughts of
earth?
No, through the night of sorrow, that
bright star,
Hath pointed to a home of peace afar.
Together we rejoiced in brighter years
Sharing the self-same home, the self-same lot,
Together we have mingled bitter tears:
To leave thee now, my mother ask me not!
Where'er thou wanderest, thither will I
roam,
Thy God shall be my God—thy home my
home.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Why sinks my heart in danger's hour?
Why is my soul with doubt oppress'd?
Mindless of God's superior power,
Shall mammon's care corrode my breast?
Does not each creature, every flower,
A special Providence attest?

In air the feather'd songsters play,
Their hourly wants by God supplied:
O'er seas and wilds they find their way
To lands unseen, with God their guide:
He clothes the lily in array,
That shames the pomp of regal pride.

Provides he for the vagrant bird,
And flower that will at evening fade?
Then why, my soul, distrust his word?
Has not unfailing Mercy said,
Be all thy wants to me referr'd—
Sufficient for thee is my aid?

Can all thy cares for earthly good
Secure thine everlasting rest?
Life is more precious far than food,
Thy soul more costly than thy vest:
Why on to-morrow's evil brood?
Be wise: the passing hour arrest.

The life I gave I will sustain
With needful goods; but chiefly seek
The riches of my heavenly reign
Learn how I recompense the meek:
The suppliant never asks in vain,
Whose prayer the lowly heart bespeak.

West.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day star of my heart appear.
Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine !
Scatter all my unbelief,
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

FLOWERS FOR THE BEE.

Come, honey-bee, with thy busy hum,
To the fragrant tufts of the wild thyme come,
And sip the sweet dew from the cowslip's head,
From the lily's bell and the violet's bed.
Come, honey-bee,
There is spread for thee
A rich repast in wood and field.

And a thousand flowers
 Within our bowers
 To thee their nectar'd essence yield, .
 Come, honey-bee, to our woodlands come,
 There's a *lesson* for us in thy busy hum ;
 Thou hast a treasure in store in the hawthorn's
 wreath,
 In the golden broom and the purple heath ;
 And flowers less fair
 That scent the air,
 Like pleasant friends drop balm for thee,
 And thou winnest spoil
 By thy daily toil,
 Thou patient, and thrifty, and diligent bee.
 We may learn from the bee the wise man's lore,
 "The hand of the diligent gathereth store."
 He plies in his calling from morn till night,
 Nor tires of his labour nor flags in his flight;
 From numberless blossoms of every hue,
 He gathers the nectar and sips the dew.
 Then homeward he speeds
 O'er the fragrant meads,
 And he hums as he goes his thankful lay—
 Let our thanks too arise
 For our daily supplies.
 As homeward and heavenward we haste on
 our way.

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

The glory of summer
 Is faded and fled,
 The wreaths that adorn'd her
 Are dying, or dead ;

The autumn is coming,
And, strong in its blast,
Will open for winter
A passage at last.
Oh ! how to my spirit
It seemeth to say,
Thus too is thy summer
Fast fading away ;
And the things that thou lovest,
Though beautiful now,
And the friends thou hast chosen
Are fragile as thou.
Dost thou covet a summer
More certain of bliss ?
Go, seek thee a country
Far brighter than this ;
Where joys thou hast lost
Thou shalt never deplore,
Where the friends thou hast chosen
Shall leave thee no more !

TO BEATRICE L—,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, WHEN SHE WAS ONLY FIVE
YEARS OLD.

LITTLE Beatrice ! I may
Give to thee my votive lay ;
Wishing length of days and health,
Years of comfort and of wealth ;
And that friends, with hearts sincere,
May increase each opening year.

Nor will I omit t'express
Wish of greater tenderness,—
That thou mayest in thy youth,
Know the God of love and truth;
That his Spirit may impart
His own image to thy heart;
That thou ever may'st be found
Pilgrim unto Zion bound;
That thy course may be direct,
That thy progress be uncheck'd;
That thy heart may ever prove
Given to thy Saviour's love;
And that when thy course is o'er,
Thou may'st gain that happy shore,
Where, on thy Redeemer's breast,
Thou may'st find eternal rest.

R. W. K.

FIELD FLOWERS.

FLOWERS of the field, how sweet ye seem
Man's frailty to pourtray;
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away!
Teach us, and, oh! though short your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain!
Go, form a monitory wreath
For youth's unthinking brow;
Go, and to busy manhood breathe
What most he fears to know;
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But, whilst to thoughtless ones and gay
Ye breathe these truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay,
Have ye no word of cheer ?
Oh ! yes : ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, when wrapt in fear and gloom,
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And deck with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying :
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of your long sleep and broken chain.

And say, that He who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
The Saviour's love and power ;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

Not for the summer hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join.

But for those stern and wintry days
Of peril, pain, and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
This earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of life alone,
Which as a blast doth fly,

And like the transient flower of grass,
 Just blossom, droop, and die.
 But for a being without end,
 This vow of love we take :
 Grant us, O God ! one home at last,
 For our Redeemer's sake.

Mrs. Sigourney.

THE TWENTY THIRD PSALM.

My shepherd is the living Lord,
 Nothing therefore I need ;
 In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
 He setteth me to feed.
 He shall convert and glad my soul,
 And bring my mind in frame :
 To walk in paths of righteousness
 For his most holy name.
 Yea, tho' I walk in vale of death,
 Yet will I fear no ill :
 Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
 And thou art with me still.
 Thou hast my table richly spread,
 In presence of my foe :
 Thou hast my head with balm refresh'd,
 My cup doth overflow.
 Thro' all my life thy favour is
 So freely shew'd to me,
 That in thy house for evermore,
 My dwelling place shall be.

FAITH AND WORKS.

Do you ask, what is faith? 'tis the root of the tree,
 A reliance on Jesus, who suffer'd for me;
 'Tis by faith, that my soul is deliver'd from guilt,
 And cleansed by the blood which Immanuel spilt.
 Faith draws from the riches of Jesus above,
 And enables the soul to repose on his love:
 This charter to faith is peculiarly given
 Of bearing the soul on her pinions to heaven.—
 Then say, what are works?—from faith as the root,
 Good works are the true and legitimate fruit;
 Love inquires of faith With intelligent eye,
 "For me! when in sin, did Immanuel die?—
 "Did he rescue my soul from the depths of despair,
 "And take me, and make me a child of his care?
 "Then what shall I render or how shall I prove
 "The grateful emotions I feel for his love?
 "Does he say—'if ye love me, obey my commands? "
 I'll joyfully welcome the laws at his hands;
 From grace shall my loving obedience spring—
 While Christ is my Saviour—let Christ be my
 King. Anon.

THE DYING BOY TO THE SLOE BLOSSOM.

BAREN thy leaves thou com'st once more,
 White blossom of the sloe!
 Thy leaves will come as heretofore;
 But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,
 Will then be low.

A month, at least, before thy time
Thou com'st, pale flower, to me ;
For well thou knowest the frosty rime
Will blast *me* ere my vernal prime,
No more to be.

Why here in winter? No storm lowers
O'er nature's silent shroud !
But blithe larks meet the sunny showers,
High o'er the doomed untimely flowers,
In beauty bow'd !

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,
And flowers in winter blow,
To tell me that the worm makes room
For me, her brother, in the tomb,
And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn,
Foretels an eve of tears ;
A sun beam on the saddened lawn,
I smile, and weep to be withdrawn
In early years.

Oh, might I breathe morn's dewy breath,
When June's sweet Sabbath chime !
But thine, before my time, O Death,
I go where no flower blossometh,
Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn
Vanish, and long ere noon
The dew-drop dieth on the thorn,
So fair I bloomed : and was I born
To die so soon ?

To love my mother, and to die ?—
To perish in my bloom ?—

Is this my brief, sad history ?
 A tear-drop from a mother's eye
 Into the tomb !
 He lived and loved, will sorrow say !
 By early sorrow tried :
 He smiled, he sighed, he passed away ;
 His life was but an April day,—
 He loved and died !

My mother smiles—then turns away ;
 But turns away to weep :
 They whisper round me, —what they say
 I need not hear ; for in the clay
 I soon must sleep.

Well, lay me by my brother's side,
 Where late we stood and wept ;
 For I was stricken when he died,—
 I felt the arrow as he sighed
 His last, and slept.

Elliot.

THE SETTING SUN.

THAT setting sun—that setting sun !
 What scenes, since first its race begun,
 Of varied hue, its eye hath seen,
 Which are, as they had never been.
 That setting sun ! full many a gaze
 Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
 With sweet, according thought sublime,
 In every age, and every clime !
 'Tis sweet to mark thee, sinking slow
 The ocean's fabled caves below,

And when th' obscuring night is done,
To see thee rise, sweet setting sun !

So when my pulses cease to play,
Serenely close my evening ray,
To rise again, death's slumber done,
Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun !

Anon.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer ;—for the morning breaks,
And earth her Maker's smile awakes ;
His light on all below, above,
The light of gladness, the light of love.
Oh then, on the breath of the early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer ; for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on,
Like a curtain of heaven's high hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose ;
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of
night.

To prayer ;—for the day that God has blest,
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest ;
It speaks of creation's early bloom ;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb ;
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallow'd hours.

Anon.

FRIENDS SEPARATED BY DEATH.

FRIEND after friend departs !

Who hath not lost a friend ?

There is no union here of hearts,

That finds not here an end !

Were this frail world our final rest,

Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—

Beyond the reign of death,—

There surely is some blessed clime,

Where life is not a breath

Nor life's affection transient fire, .

Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,

Where parting is unknown :

A long eternity of love,

Form'd for the good alone ;

And faith beholds the dying here,

Translated to that glorious sphere !

Thus star by star declines,

Till all are past away ;

As morning high and higher shines,

To pure and perfect day ;

Nor sink those stars in empty night,

But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Montgomery.

THE BLIND MAN'S SONG.

NAY, stranger, do not pity me,

Nor pass me with a sigh,

Because the great and blessed light,
Is hidden from mine eye,
What ! though I cannot see the orb,
I feel the warm sun shine ;
My mind has conjur'd up a world
As beautiful as thine.

I mark no change, I know not what
The world has called decay ;
My fertile spots are ever green,
They never fade away.
I never doubt—I never fear—
I praise—but seldom blame :
My creed it is a blessed one,
And always is the same.

I never knew a vain regret,
I never wish'd to see ;
I would not that ideal lose
So beautiful to me.
They tell me of strange sights and scenes,
Of splendour and of state ;
But tell they not of others too,
Too fearful to relate

What, though I cannot gaze upon
The beauty of the rose ;
Nor ponder o'er the flow'rs
That such variety disclose.
I do not see them one by one
Droop—wither—fade and die ;
Their perfume is as dear to me
When they forgotten lie.

I cannot see the antique form
Of viol, harp, or lute ;

I know no beauty of the shape
When their strange tones are mute.
But when I strike the loud wild chords,
Or are they struck for me,
I feel as only those can feel
Who feel but do not see.

'They say the plumage of the bird
Is lovely to behold ;
As 'mid the lovely morning air
His wings he doth unfold.
I do not see—but I can hear
The soft sweet strains above—
That seem to breathe the melody .
Of nature and of love.

I know those tones are hush'd awhile,
But winter hath its glee ;
The circle round the cheerful hearth
Hath many charms for me,
And if the chilly north wind cause
But momentary pain,
Do I not know the spring time soon
Will glad all hearts again?

Then, stranger, do not pity me,
Nor pain me with a sigh,
Because the strange and outward form
Is hidden from my eye.
He cannot walk in darkness
Who throughout his life has trod
The paths of virtue, and who feels
The presence of his God.

J. E. Carpenter.

THERE IS A VOICE.

THERE is a voice in the western breeze,
As it floats o'er spring's young roses,
Or sighs among the blossoming trees,
Where the spirit of love reposes :
It tells of the joys of the pure and young,
Ere they wander life's wildering paths among.
There is a voice in the summer gale,
Which breathes amid regions of bloom
Or murmurs soft, through the dewy vale,
In moonlight's tender gloom :
It tells of hope unblighted yet—
And of hours that the soul can ne'er forget !
There is a voice in the autumn blast,
That wafts the falling leaf,
When the glowing scene is falling fast—
For the hour of bloom is brief :
It tells of *life*—its sure decay—
And of earthly splendours that pass away !
There is a voice in the wintry storm,
For the blighting spirit is there,
Breathing o'er every vernal charm,
O'er all that was bright and fair ;
It tells of death as it moans around,
And the lonely hall returns the sound.
And there's a voice—a small still voice,
That comes when the storm is past—
It bids the sufferer's heart rejoice
In the haven of peace at last :
It tells of joys beyond the grave,
And of Him who died the world to save.

Ware.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH-
YARD OF RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

ME THINKS it is good to be here,
If thou wilt let us build—but for whom ?

Nor Elias nor Moses appear ;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with
gloom

The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to ambition ? Ah no !

Affrighted, he shrinketh away,—

Woe see, they would pin him below
In a dark narrow cave, and begin with cold clay,
The meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

Beauty : Ah no ; she forgets
The charms which she wielded before ;

Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin that but yesterday fools could adore
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which
it wore.

Shall we build to the temple of Pride,
The trappings which dazzle the proud ?

Alas ! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
Save the long winding sheet and the fringe of
the shroud

To Riches ! alas, 'tis in vain ;
Who hid in their turns have been hid !

The treasures are squandered again ;
And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid
Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?

Ah ! here is a plentiful board !

But the guests are all mute as their pitiful
cheer,

And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Should we build to Affection and Love ?

Ah, no ? They have withered and died,

Or fled with the spirit above :

Friends, brothers and sisters, are laid side by
side,

Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto sorrow ? The dead cannot grieve,

Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,

Which compassion itself could relieve.

Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or
fear,

Peace ! peace ! is the watchword, the only one
here.

Unto death, to whom monarchs must bow ?

Ah, no ! for his empire is known,

And here there are trophies enow !

Beneath the cold head, and around the dark
stone,

Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we would build,

And look for the sleepers around us to rise !

The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled ;

And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to
the skies.

Knowles.

MIDNIGHT.

'Twas midnight, and I stole away
From ev'ry haunt where life was gay :
Where blooming wreaths and festive boards
Were in a wild profusion spread,
And ev'ry bliss that earth affords
To tempt me, was around me shed.

I flew, unheeded and alone,
To seek a spot my heart could own ;
Where I could view the stars arise,
And watch the silvery moon's decline,
And glance from earth to sea and skies,
And make each passing moment mine.

I passed a vale where all was still,
And gained the summit of a hill,
From whence I saw the ocean far
In silent splendour calmly glide,
While o'er it many a lustrous star
Shed her soft radiance o'er the tide.

And thus unto myself I said,
“ When youthful years I've numbered,
Then, far away from worldly strife,
May I, with cool reflective brow,
Scan o'er my long fled tide of life,
With eye as calm as I gaze now.

And as o'er ocean's bosom shine
Rays hallowed, bright'ning and divine,
May I then, trembling, grateful feel,
Within this grateful breast of mine,
Religion's rays consoling steal,
Assured of this, that Christ our Lord is *mine*.

Richard Ryan.

SONNET TO A CHILD.

A ROSEBUD opening, pearled with morning dew,
Through the young foliage glancing, light
and free,

A gentle fountain gushing joyously
O'er the green sward—a bright star in the blue
Of the still heav'ns, or beacon on the sea ;
These have I thought thee, light of fanciful
hours !

Fair promise of Time's unmeasured space ;
But bethy bloom more durable than the flower's,
Thine all that fountain's purity and grace !
And may no blight fall on their hopes, who
trace

Their features, fortunes, happiness in thine !
Be thou the star-light of their day's decline,
Waking unearthly dreams. O may'st thou be
All I would fondly deem—all they would
picture thee !

THE CAST-AWAY SHIP.

HER mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land,
And from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand ;
And weeping eyes are on the main
Until its verge she wanders o'er ;—
But from that hour of parting pain,
Oh ! she was never heard of more !

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doom'd to flee,
Say, sank she 'mid the blending wrath
Of stormy clouds and rolling sea ?

Or—where the land but mocks the eye—
Went drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all! Her destiny
Is dark!—she ne'er was heard of more!
The moon hath twelve times changed her form,
From glowing orb to crescent wan,
'Mid skies of calm and scowl of storm,
Since from her port that ship hath gone;
But ocean keeps its secret well;
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
Her fate:—she ne'er was heard of more!
Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,
'Twere something to the broken heart;
The pangs of doubt would then be gone,
And Fancy's dreams would then depart!—
It may not be:—there is no ray
By which her doom we may explore;
We only know—she sailed away,
And ne'er was seen or heard of more!

John Malcolm.

THE BEAUTY OF DEATH.

AND this is death? how solemn and serene!
Who would have thought life's billows here had
been?
That o'er that peaceful clay the tide had pass'd
Of care and sorrow—ebb'd away at last?
Not more unconscious lies the calm sea-sand,
Whitening and smiling on the surge-swept strand,
Fled are the rosy hues like Fancy's dream!
Immutable, like Truth, the features seem;

Distincter traced than when emotions warm,
 Threw lights and shadows on the sentient form ;
 On the smooth brow Thought's turbid workings
 cease.

And on the closed lips is graven "Peace,"
And on the eyelids "Rest," and seems to fall
Silence, like feather's snows, to form the pall.

Can this be he, who will'd, and it was done?
Can this be he, who all beneath the sun
Could range in thought and send the inquiry far
Beyond the firmament's remotest star?
The wither'd chrysalis, the shells bereft
Of their frail tenants, not more helpless left !
But here is beauty—awful beauty, still !
Worthy such shrine the immortal mind to fill !
All have gone forth—the Serpent's rebel train !
And man's unruffled image beams again ;

Died he in agony? No trace is here :
Was he wrenched suddenly from ties most dear?
Or with slow presage of the gloomy grave,
Clung he in vain to arms that could not save?
Fled life before him like a wither'd scroll,
Leaving its records on his panting soul
In fiery characters? or did they pour
The oil of peace on that conflicting hour?
None can reveal ! The traveller went alone---
None could partake ! brief pangs, brief fears are
gone.

Was he a man of worth? a man of pride?
Life's reckless prodigal? or faithful guide?
Dread questions these! *He* knows their answer
now,
Who lies before me with that placid brow!

THE VICARAGE.

BLEST be the hand that gave me this retreat,
In which unnumber'd mercies daily meet ;
Oh ! may a home so rich in peace to me,
Be found a temple, gracious Lord, to thee—
Oh ! may it be to thee a house of pray'r,
Who deign'st to make it thy paternal care,
And sweet as incense, may my praise ascend,
To God my Father, and to God my friend !

My garden, with its flowers of ev'ry hue,
And distant landscape beauteous to the view—
My peaceful garden ! sweetest of its kind,
Should also bring thy goodness, Lord, to mind :
At all times cheerful, and at all times gay,
It smiles in winter as in genial May ;
Made to dispel each rising cloud of gloom,
And cheer my path^{way} to the silent tomb ;
May its green plants, and fragrant flow'rs which
 blow,
Lead me to Him, "from whom all blessings
 flow."

To him who in a garden prayed and bled,
That I might live, when number'd with the dead.
Then when I'm called to leave this loved retreat,
My spirit shall thy gracious welcome meet ;
Then shall my garden point to that blest place,
Once lost to Adam and his guilty race ;
Then shall I leave it for the Eden won -
Again for man, by God's eternal Son.

B. R.

THE TWO WEAVERS.

As at their work two Weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat;
So high, a weaver could not eat.

"What with my brats, and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life,
So hard we work, so hard we fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine, his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to *him* and none to *me*?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the pulpit preaches,
This world—indeed I've thought so long
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the bless'd."

"Quoth John, our ignorance is the cause,
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that men can see below.

"See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there?
So rude the mass it makes one stare.

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning's there conveyed,
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder!"

"Quoth Dick, my work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout;
Why, man, the carpet's inside out."

"Says John, thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure the spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt
Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace:
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach the world of light,
And view these works of God aright;
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is Divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For there the carpet will be turned."

"Thou'rt right," "quoth Dick," no more I'll
grumble,
That this world is so strange a jumble

My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

Hannah More.

THE LORD ALWAYS BEFORE ME.

SAVIOUR ! when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee !
Thee, self-abased in mortal guile,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson-gleams the last adorn ;
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

When noon 'her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul in triumph springs ;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of Lords, and King of Kings !

O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give,
To death, whose form I soon must feel ;
To Thee, with whom I trust to live.

Gisborne.

NOVEMBER.

THE autumn wind is moaning low, the requiem
of the year ;
The days are growing short again, the fields
forlorn appear ;

The suny sky is waxing dim, and chill the hazy
air;

And tossing trees before the breeze are turning
brown and bare !

No more 'tis sweet to walk abroad among the
ev'ning dews;

The flow'rs have fled from ev'ry path, with all
their scents and hues;

The joyous bird no more is heard, save where
his slender song

The robin drops, as meek he hops the wither'd
leaves among.

Those wither'd leaves, that slender song, a
solemn truth convey,—

In wisdom's ear they speak aloud of frailty and
decay :

They say that man's apportion'd year shall have
its winter time

Shall rise and shine, and then decline, as all
around him do.

They tell him, all he has on earth, his brightest,
dearest things,

His loves and friendships, joys and hopes, have
all their falls and springs :

A wave upon a moon-lit sea, a leaf before the
blast,

A summer flow'r, an April show'r, that gleams
and hurries past.

And be it so; I know it well : myself, and all
that's mine,

Must roll on with the rolling year, and, ripen
to decline.

I do not shun the solemn truth ; to him it is not
drear,
Whose hopes can rise above the skies and see a
Saviour near.

It only makes him feel with joy this earth is
not his home ;
It sends him on from present ills to brighter
hours to come ;
It bids him take with thankful heart whate'er
his God may send,
Content to go through weal or woe to glory in
the end.

Then murmur on, ye wintry winds ! remind me
of my doom ;
Ye lengthen'd nights, still image forth the
darkness of the tomb :
Eternal summer lights the heart, where Jesus
deigns to shine,
I mourn no loss, I shun no cross, so thou, O
Lord, art mine !

Rev. H. T. Lytle.

THE DIVINE OMNIPRESENCE.

Oh, look up to the soft blue sky,
Arching above thee, bright and fair ;
Cold is the heart, and dull the eye,
Which feels not, sees not God is there.
Look round thee on this spacious earth,
With every varied beauty rife—
Starts not an instant thought to birth
Of Him whose presence gives it life ?

Survey the billowy, boundless deep ;
Is there no voice salutes thine ear,
Whispering, when tempests o'er it sweep,
In still small accents God is here ?
Glance upward, in night's silent hour,
To countless orbs in glory bright ;
These speak, unheard, their Maker's power,
Whose presence is their source of light.
Hark to the winds, which come and go
O'er seas unfathomed, wastes untrod ;
Are they not heralds, to and fro,
Of Him, the omnipresent God ?
All forms of sentient being trace,—
Proclaim they not his power and love,
Vocal, in harmony and grace,
Of Him in whom they live and move ?
Last, but not least, look, turn within,
With humble love and fervent prayer ;
For in each heart redeemed from sin,
The eternal God is present there.

New York Spectator.

A DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

How long wilt thou forget me, Lord ?
Shall it for ever be ?
How long dost Thou intend to hide
Thy face away from me ?
Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
Be thou not far away :

Make haste to help me, O my God ;
My safety and my stay.

Salvation only doth belong
To Thee O Lord above :
Who on thy people dost bestow,
Thy blessing and thy love.

Make new my heart within my breast,
And frame it to thy holy will :
And let thy Spirit in me rest,
Which may my soul with comfort fill.

O. V.

SOLILOQUY.

HERE'S a beautiful earth, and a wonderful sky,
And to see them God give us a heart and an eye ;
Nor leaves us untouched by the pleasures they
yield,
Like the fowls of the heaven, or the beasts of the
field.

The soul though encumbered with sense and
with sin,
Can range through her own mystic chambers
within ;
Then soar like the eagle, to regions of light,
And dart wond'rous thoughts to the stars of
the night.

Yea more, it is gifted with vision so keen
As to know the unknown, and to see the un-
seen :

To glance at eternity's numberless days,
Till dazzled, confounded, and lost in the maze.

Nor will this suffice it :—O wonderful germ
Of infinite blessing vouchsafed to a worm !
It quickens, it rises, with boundless desires,
And heaven is the lowest to which it aspires.

Such, such is the soul, though bewildered and
dark :

A vital, ethereal, unquenchable spark ;
Thus onward and upward by nature it tends ;
Then wherefore descends it ?—Ah ! whither de-
scends ?

Soon droops its light pinion, borne down by a
gust,

It flutters, it falters ;—it cleaves to the dust ;
Then feeds upon ashes—deceived and astray ;
And fastens and clings to the perishing clay.

For robes that too proud were the lilies to wear—
For food we divide with the fowls of the air—
For joy that just sparkles, and then disappears—
We drop from heaven's gate, to the valley of tears.

How tranquil and hopeless the pleasure it
sought

While it rested within the calm region of thought,
How fraught with disgust, and how sullied with
woe,

Is all that detains and beguiles it below !

O thou, who when silent and senseless it lay,
Didst breathe into life the inanimate clay.
Now nourish and quicken the languishing fire,
And fan to a flame that shall never expire.

Jane Taylor.

ROBERT GLOVER.*

Hail ! Robert Glover, faithful, when but few
 Were found to God, in their allegiance true,—
 We hail thy name revered, who boldly died,
 Rather than Christ, by thee should be denied ;
 And ask, what tablet, here, can now record,
 Thy fervent love to Christ, thy God, thy Lord?
 To thee, the Holy Ghost, did light impart,
 And Christ, thy Lord, alone possess'd thy heart.

When torn away from all on earth so dear,
 Then did thy Saviour in his love draw near,
 That blessed Lord, who in thy gloomy cell,
 Did with his righteous servant deign to dwell,
 And, there, a liberty on thee bestow,
 Which none but those who serve him e'er can know
 Such joy—such peace, did in that cell abound,
 As in thy life before thou ne'er hadst found—
 For Jesus gave to thee, his joy and peace,
 And did to thee his saving grace increase ;
 That *we* might know the greatness, of his power,
 To help his saints, in every trying hour,
 And when before thy judges thou wast brought,
 How was thy soul by Christ with wisdom fraught,
 Which made thee bold, and mighty to defend
 Those saving truths on which *our* hopes depend.
 And when, at length, they doom'd thee to the
 fire,

Vain was their malice, and impotent their ire,—
 For in thy fiery car, thou didst ascend,
 Where thy triumphant joy, can never end.

What, though a cloud, awhile did intervene,
 And Jesus for a time remain'd unseen,

*A Protestant Martyr, burnt at Coventry, A. D., 1553.

It was not long—thy Saviour soon appear'd,
And when with light divine thy soul was cheer'd,
Then, from the crowd was heard thy well known
 voice,
Which bid thy faithful friend with thee rejoice.
"Austin! He's come—He's come!" My Saviour's
 come,
To take in love my ransom'd spirit home,
Where he will seat me at his own right hand,
For ever number'd with that chosen band,
Who now array'd in robes of spotless white,
(Robes, which transcend the glorious sun in light)
Sing of salvation, and the palm branch waive,
To Christ alone—omnipotent to save.

B. R.

PRAYER.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps,
 Beneath the wing of night;
THERE is an ear that never shuts
 When sink the beams of light.
THERE is an arm that never tires,
 When human strength gives way;
THERE is a love that never fails,
 When earthly loves decay.
THAT eye is fix'd on seraph throngs;
 That ear is fill'd with angel's songs;
THAT arm upholds the world on high:
 That love is throned beyond the sky.
BUT there's a power which God can wield,
 When mortal aid is vain:—

That eye, that arm, that loves to reach
That listening ear to gain.
That power is Prayer, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky.

Anon.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm :
The frame thy way-ward looks deride,
Required a God to form.
The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.
The sun, the moon, the stars he made
To all his creatures free ;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.
Let them enjoy their little day
Their lowly bliss receive :
O ! do not lightly take away
The life thou can'st not give.

Gisborne.

THE BLIND MAN'S LAMENT.

O where are the visions of ecstasy bright
That can burst o'er the darkness, and banish
the night ?

O where are the charms that the day can unfold
To the heart and the eye that their glories can
hold ?

Deep, deep in the silence of sorrow I mourn ;
For no vision of beauty for me shall e'er burn !
They have told me of sweet purple hues in the
west,

Of the rich tints that sparkle on the Ocean's
wide breast ;

They have told me of stars that are burning
on high,

When the night is careering along the vast sky ;
But alas ! there remains, wheresoever I flee
Nor beauty, nor lustre, nor brightness for me !

But yet, to my lone, gloomy couch there is given
A ray to my heart that is kindled in heaven :
It smooths the dark path through this valley
of tears,

It enlivens my heart, and my sorrow it cheers :
For it tells of a morn when this night shall
pass by,

And my spirit shall dwell where the days do
not die.

Eastburn.

THE WIDOW'S MEAL AND OIL.

How rich is poverty's scant board,
When God hath bless'd its lot ;
How poor the heaps that wealth has stored,
If he hath bless'd them not :—
Witness grand Ahab's regal dome,
And this poor widow's humble home.

There dwells she, with sufficient food
 For nature's simple calls ;
 While fear and caution sentries stood
 Beside a monarch's walls :
 Her cruse by power unseen was fed,
 Her meal supplied them daily bread.

"The age of miracles is past,"

Some sceptic may exclaim :

But if on God our case we cast,

His power remain the same ;—

Nor do our spirits less demand,

The bounty of his lib'ral hand.

Is there no cruse whose store should feed

Devotion's hallow'd fire ?

No living bread, whose daily need

Our deathless souls require ?

Are there not seasons when we sigh

In secret o'er our scant supply ?

Be ours the faith the widow knew,

When she the seer supplied,

So shall we own the promise true,

God's goodness will provide ;

The meal shall last, the cruse fail not,

Till plenty be our spirit's lot.

Barton.

THE AMERICAN BISHOP.

A scene at the closing of a Convention or Visitation :
 Virginia, by the Venerable Bishop More.

They cluster'd round—that listening throng—
 The parting hour drew nigh,—

And heighten'd feeling deep and strong,
Spoke forth from eye to eye.

For reverend in his hoary years,
A white-robed prelate bent
And trembling pathos wing'd his words,
As to the heart they went.

With saintly love, he urged the crowd
Salvation's hope to gain,
While gathering o'er his furrow'd cheek
The tears fell down like rain ;—

He waved his hand, and music woke
A warm and solemn strain,
His favourite hymn swell'd high, and fill'd
The consecrated fane.

Then from the hallow'd channel forth
With faltering step, he sped,
And fervent laid a father's hand
On every priestly head.

And breathed the blessing of his God
And, full of meekness, said,
“ Be faithful in your master's work,
When your old Bishop's dead.

“ For more than fifty years, my sons,
A Saviour's love supreme,
Unto a sinful world hath been
My unexhausted theme .—

“ Now, see the blossoms of the grave
Are o'er my temples spread,—
Oh ! lead the seeking soul to Him
When your old Bishop's dead.”

Far waned the holy Sabbath-eve
On toward the midnight hour,
Before that spell-bound throng retire
To slumber's soothing power,—

Yet many a sleeper, 'mid his dream,
Beheld, in snowy stole,
That patriarch-prelate's bending form,
Whose accents stirr'd the soul.

In smiles the summer morn arose,
And many a grateful guest,
Forth from those hospitable domes,
With tender memories, press'd.

The boats that ask no sail, nor oar,
With speed majestic glide,—
And many a thoughtful pastor leans
In silence o'er their side.

And, while he seems to scan the flood
In silver 'neath him spread,
Resolves the charge—"Be strong for God
When your old Bishop's dead."

Mrs. Sigourney.

KEEP SILENCE.

A SABBATH HYMN.

Keep silence, pride! What dost thou here
With the frail sons of clay?
How darest thou in God's courts appear,
Where contrite spirits pray!
Keep silence, wild and vexing care!
Six measured days are thine,

Thy seed to sow, thy chaff to share
Steal not the day divine.

Keep silence, sorrow ! Faith can tell
With what sublime intent
Thou to the bosom's inmost cell
By Heaven's right hand wert sent.

Keep silence, avarice ! with thy hoard
So boasted, yet so base,
Think'st thou the money changer's board
Hath here a fitting place ?

Keep silence, vain and worldly joy—
Foam on time's tossing wave !
Why lure him with a treacherous toy
Who trembles o'er the grave ?

Keep silence, earth, the Lord is here,
Thy great Creator bless !
His work of wisdom, form'd thy sphere,
Keep thou this day of rest.

Mrs. Sigourney.

L I N E S,

Written on hearing a Robin, uniting his song, with the
Psalmody of the Congregation in M—nc—r Church,
Sunday Morning, Nov. 25th., 1838.

SWEET Bird ! 'twas kind thy notes to raise,
And join us in our song of praise.
Thy joy it seem'd with us to sing,
The praises of our heavenly King ;
It seem'd to be thy great delight,
In our loud Anthem to unite ;

And from thy little warbling throat,
 We heard thee raise thy loudest note,
 As if thy voice, was meant to blame,
 Those, whose silence is their shame.—*B. R.*

THOUGHTS

Suggested by a dying Father's request to his Children,
 that he might see his garden once more. Feb. 8th, 1843.

LET me once more my garden see,
 That garden once so dear to me.
 Alas ! 'tis now o'erspread with gloom,
 It seems an emblem of the tomb !—
 Yet Lord, there is a garden fair,
 Where balmy odours fill the air :
 Where flowers of celestial day,
 Shall, never, never, fade away.
 Since, there, "The Tree of Life," I view,
 Content—I bid the earth adieu !

B. R.

ON THE LOSS OF MY CHILD.

Dosts heaven behold these sadly-falling tears,
 Shed by a mother o'er her darling child ?
 Ah ! blasted hopes, and heart distracting fears
 That fill my heart with frantic sorrow wild.
 Yes, Heaven beholds, from thence the stroke
 descends,
 And heaven alone can heal the wound it
 gave,
 Oh, Thou, who dost afflict for gracious ends,
 Lead my sad soul to scenes beyond the grave.

'Tis there alone all tears are wiped away;
 There death divided friends shall part no more,
 Oh, Thou Supreme! whose years know no decay,
 Teach me thy dispensation to adore.

HYMN.

L every one that nameth the name of Christ depart
 from iniquity. 2 Tim. vi. 19.

LET all who name his bless'd name,
 Who once for sinners shed his blood,
 Depart from sin, and count it shame,
 To live like those that know not God.

What kind of persons should they be,
 Whose names appear enrolled above,
 The people whom the Lord makes free,
 To whom he manifests his love!

What kind of persons should they be,
 How blameless should their lives appear;
 Who hope the Lord in heaven to see,
 And dwell with him for ever there!

With hopes so blessed and so bright,
 Of heaven they well may think and talk;
 And being children of the light
 As children of the light should walk.

The sons of God—they well may scorn
 The highest honours here on earth:
 To heaven's eternal honours born,
 To stop—would ill become their birth.

And when a few short years are past,
 What's promised now will then be given—
 A goodly portion, theirs at last,
 The glories and the joys of heaven.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD LADY.

Buried in Hendon Church-Yard, Middlesex.

READER ! she wander'd all this desert thro'
 In search of happiness : nor found repose
 Till she had reach'd the borders of the waste.
 Full many a flower that blossom'd in her path
 She stopt to gather ; and the fruit she pluck'd
 That hung from many a tempting bough : all
 but

"The Rose of Sharon," and "the Tree of
 Life."

This shed its fragrance to the gale, and
 Spread its blushing beauties ; *that* its healing
 leaves

Displayed, and fruit immortal—all in vain.
 She neither tasted, nor admired ; and found
 All that she chose and tasted, fair—but false :
 The flowers no sooner gather'd, than they
 faded :

The fruits enchanting ; dust and bitterness :
 And all the world a wilderness of care.
 Wearied, dispirited, and at the close
 Of this eventful course, she sought the plant,
 Which long her heedless haste o'erlook'd : and
 proved

Its sovereign virtues : underneath its shade
 Outstretched, drew from her wounded feet the
 thorns,

Breathed the last sigh—shed the last tear—
 And here the aged pilgrim rests awhile in hope,

PETER'S REPLY.

JOHN XVI. 17.

Oh ! doubt no more my love to thee,
Who suffer'd thus to ransom me
From sin, from Satan, and from hell :
Thou knowest, Lord, I love thee well.

I love thee, why ? thy gracious call
First bade me leave my earthly all,
To follow thee, and take my cross,
Counting all other things but loss.

I lov'd thee on that darksome night,
When thou thy servant didst invite,
To trust thy foot-steps on the wave,
Believing thou hadst power to save.

I lov'd thee when on Tabor's height,
Thy form was seen in glory bright ;
Delighted with a scene so blest,
I wish'd for ever there to rest.

I thought I lov'd thee, when I said,
Oh ! be not number'd with the dead ;
How rash the speech no tongue can tell,
And yet I think, I lov'd thee well.

When my vain lips presum'd to say,
That " I should never turn away ;
Though others might forsake, yet I
Would ne'er my living Lord deny."

I thought not then how soon my fall
Would prove me weaker than them all ;
My own proud heart I dared to trust
Which quickly brought me to the dust.

Worse than myself no fiend could prove,
I sinn'd against both light and love,
Thou spakest true:—the cock crew twice,
And I denied my Master thrice.

But, Oh ! that look ! that look of thine,
Which kindly told me thou wast mine :
Dissolved the trembler into tears—
It broke my heart, yet quell'd my fears.

Since then, I think, I've lov'd thee more,
Than ever sinner loved before ;
The chief of sinners is forgiven !
Proclaim it loud thro' earth and heaven.

Thy prayer hath sav'd me, thine embrace
Upheld my soul by sov'reign grace ;
Thy arm restor'd me, when I fell ;
I love thee, Lord, thou knowest well.



ODE TO NATURE.

BEAUTIFUL nature ! how sublime
In every varied scene art thou,
And how enchanting through all time,
Thy lofty and unwrinkled brow !
How calmly smil'st thou on the tears
And follies of six thousand years !
Science and art—the splendid things
Of human greatness—what are they ?
Time fans them with his rapid wings,
And crumbles them to sure decay :
But ocean, river, rock, and hill,
Thy features are majestic still !

The passions of the human breast,
Tumultuous rage their little hour;
Then calm subside to endless rest,
Tamed down by death's almighty power;
But thou, through years of grief and shame,
In might and beauty art the same !
The tombs of royalty—the grey—
The tottering walls of ancient might—
These are sad tokens, and display
Man's littleness ; while pure and bright
Thou smilest on, as year by year,
Time's bubbles rise and disappear !

Anon.

STANZAS.

Oh ! brightly glides the silent stream,
Along the air no breeze is flowing ;
Serenely shines the young moonbeam,
And all the eastern stars are glowing.
No living leaf's among the trees,
Save on the aspen's lightest bough :
The northern lights are o'er the seas,—
The mist sits on the dim hill's brow,—
And all is calm, but thee, my Soul,
Oh ! all is calm but thee !
The birds have sung themselves to sleep ;
Nor e'en the forest owls are hooting :
While oft, along night's shadowy steep,
With silent glance the stars are shooting.
And sleep is in the city's bounds,
As well as on the dusky hill,

The curfew's voice no longer sounds,
The hum of multitudes is still,—

And all at rest, but thee, my Soul,
Oh ; all at rest but thee !

Yet not far distant is the time

When this bright frame of things must sever,
And the disorder'd stream of Time

Leap o'er its bound, and break for ever ;
Then mountains shall be wrapt in flame,

The spheres conclude their ancient song :
Cities lie waste without a name,

Stars mingle in the ruin's throng,—

And all decay, but thee, my Soul,
Oh ! all decay but thee !

THERE IS A TEAR THAT FALLS UN- SEEN.

THERE is a tear that falls unseen,

Nor seeks the downcast eye ;
And from its dark and cheerless bed,
Ascends the frequent sigh.

Like drops within some hidden cave,

That waste the rocks away ;
It falls within the bosom's core,
And makes the heart decay.

Its victim too may seem to smile,

Forgetful of its woe,
While life is running fast to waste,
Till all as ceased to flow.

This tear hath wasted many a heart,
Ere youth had seen its prime

While on life's sea by sorrow tost,
They seem'd the wrecks of time.

This tear hath blighted beauty's cheek,
So full of health and bloom;
For love which promised fair grew false,
And gave her to the tomb.

This tear hath broke a mother's heart,
When thinking on her child,
Ere death stepped in, and its soft eye
So full of kindness smiled.

This tear hath seen the exile pine,
Upon a lonely shore ;
'Till hope forsook his homeward dreams,
And life's pulse beat no more.

This tear hath seen the captive fall
Beside his long-worn chain ;
Tho' he undaunted braved the fight,
And charged amidst the slain.

This tear like that insidious worm,
Which gnaws the giant oak,
Hath levell'd many a noble heart,
And many a heart-string broke.

This tear ne'er courts the busy crowd,
With sympathy to feel ;
Nor bids its victim seek those scenes,
Where joy is wont to heal.

Yet, there is one who feels our pain,
Whose hand can send relief,
Who thro' this world may yield no joy
Can mitigate our grief.

And oh ! should sorrow's path be mine,
That path which Jesus trod :
May the weak heart grow strong in faith,
And soar unto its God.

And full of hope, and joy, and bliss,
May I from earth arise,
When death has set the spirit free,
And wing'd it to the skies.

Weir.

THE EMBLEMS OF DEATH.

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :—

Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell,)
Hear the lessons we are reading,
Mark the awful truth we tell.

Youth on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace :
Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;
Summer gives to Autumn place.

Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away,

On the tree of life eternal,
Oh, let all our hopes be laid !
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

Bishop Horne.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

“ The sower soweth the word.” MARK IV. 14,

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand !
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad cast it round the land. .
Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale by spots 'tis found,
Go forth then everywhere.
Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.
And daily shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
Thou canst not toil in vain :
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry ;
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garner in the sky.

Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And bring the "harvest home!"

Montgomery

THE FISHER'S BOAT.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

BRAIL up ! brail up ! the Fisher cried,
My boy, don't look so pale,
Although the storm comes thund'ring on,
I've seen as fierce a gale :
Down with the helm, and e'er mind,
Though scarce our boat can swim ;
There's one all-good that rules the wind,
Have faith alone in Him !

Name not thy mother, my poor boy,
That thought unmans me too,
For you and her are all the joy
This hapless heart e'er knew :
Yet, still if He who rules should will
The ocean for our grave,
Don't pipe, but be obedient still—
'Tis He alone can save !

She lives ! she lives ! before the blast
The boat still held her way,
Till safe at last all dangers past
She anchor'd in the bay.
My boy ! my boy ! the Fisher cried,
And wiped his eyes *now* dim,
Remember who rules land and sea,
Have faith alone in Him !

I AM BLIND.

THE woodland ! oh ! how beautiful,
How pleasant must it be !
How soft its grass, how fresh the leaves
Upon each forest tree.
I hear its wild rejoicing birds
Their song of gladness sing ;
To see them leap from bough to bough
Must be a pleasant thing !
I must but image it in mind,
I cannot see it—I am blind !

I feel the fragrance of the flowers ;
Go pull me one, I pray !
“ The leaves are green upon its stalk—
’Tis richly red,” you say ?
Oh ! it must full of beauty be !
It hath a pleasant smell ;
Could I but see its loveliness,
My heart with joy would swell !
I can but image it in mind ;
I ne’er shall see it—I am blind !

“ The trees are glorious green,” you say,
“ Their branches widely spread :
And nature on their budding leaves
Its nursing dew hath shed ?”
They must be fair !—but what is green ?
What is a spreading tree ?
What is a shady woodland walk ?
Say ; can’st thou answer me !—
No ! I may image them in mind,
But cannot know them—I am blind !

The songsters that so sweetly chant
Within the sky so fair,
Until my heart with joy doth leap,
As it a wild bird were,
How seem they to the light bless'd eye?
What! are they then so small?
Can sounds of such surpassing joy
From things so tiny fall?—
I must but image them in mind;
I cannot see them—I am blind!
A something warm comes o'er my hand;
What is it? pray thee tell;
Sunlight comes down among the trees
Into this narrow dell?
Thou seest the sunlight and the sun,
And both are very bright;
'Tis well they are not known to me,
Or I might loathe my night!
But I may image them in mind;
I ne'er shall see them—I am blind!
My hand is resting on thy cheek;
'Tis soft as fleecy snow:
My sister, thou art very fair!
That thou art good, I know.
Thou art—thou art! I feel the blush
Along thy cheek doth wend!
Thou must be fair; so carefully
Thy brother thou dost tend!—
But I must image thee in mind:
I cannot see thee—I am blind!
The changes of the earth and sky,
All Nature's glow and gloom,
Must ever be known to me;
My soul is in a tomb!

Oh ! I can *feel* the blessed sun,
Mirth, music, tears that fall,
And darkness sad, and joy, and woe :
Yea Nature's movements all !
But I must image them in mind ;
I cannot see them—I am blind !

Robert Nichol.

FAREWELL.

Nay, shrink not from that word "Farewell !"
As if 'twere friendship's final knell ;
Such fears may prove but vain ;
So changeful is Life's fleeting day,
Whene'er we sever—Hope may say
We part, to meet again.

E'en the last parting earth can know,
Brings not unutterable woe,
To souls that heavenward soar.
For humble Faith, with steadfast eye
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts, that here at parting sigh,
May meet—to part no more.

Barton.

THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS.

Go, Christian, to the pastoral vales
Of the Alpine Mountains old,
If thou wouldst hear immortal tales
By winds' deep whispers told !

Go, if thou lov'st the soil to tread
Where men hath nobly striven,
And life like incense, hath been shed
An offering unto Heaven.

For o'er the snows, and round the pines,
Hath swept a noble flood ;
The nurture of the peasant's vines,
Hath been the Martyr's blood !

A spirit stronger than the sword,
And loftier than despair,
Through all the heroic regions pour'd
Breathes in the generous air.

A memory clings to every steep
Of long enduring faith,
And the sounding streams glad record keep,
Of courage unto death.

Ask of the peasant where his sires,
For truth and freedom bled,
Ask, where were lit the torturing fires,
Where lay the holy dead.

And he will tell thee, all around—
On fount, and turf, and stone,
Far as the wild deer's foot can bound,
Their ashes have been sown.

Go, where the Sabbath-bell is heard
Up through the wilds to float,
When the dark old woods and waves are stirr'd
To gladness by the note.

When forth, along their thousand rills,
The mountain people come,
Join thou their worship on those hills
Of glorious Martyrdom.

And while the song of praise ascends,
And while the torrent's voice
Like the swell of many an organ blends,
Then let thy soul rejoice.

Rejoice, that human hearts, through scorn,
Through shame, through death, made strong,
Before the rocks, and heavens have borne
Witness of God so long !

Mrs. Hemans.

THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

I praised the earth in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field,
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
“ Our beauties are but for a day ! ”

I praised the Sun, whose chariot rolled,
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye,
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky !
And Moon, and Sun, in answer, said,
“ Our days of light are numbered.

O God ! O good, beyond compare !
If thus thy meaner works are fair !
If thus thy beauties gild the span,
Of ruined earth, and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !

Bishop Heber.

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MORNING AND EVENING.

As every day thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counsellor and friend ;
Teach me thy precepts all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

When each day's scenes, and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose.
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies !

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed—
And from death's gloom, my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

A. A. A.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God."—
HEB. iv.

My rest is in heaven; my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur when trials are
near?

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! the worst that can
come,

But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever in Jesus' breast.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, become a bright gem.

Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose;
They only make heaven more sweet at the close,
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land:
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long;
And I'll smoothe it with hope, and I'll cheer it
with song.

Rev. H. Lyte.

THE EXILE.

WHY memory recall the cheerful hours,
 The tranquil time that never can return ?
 When gaily wandering in my native bowers,
 I once was smiling as the summer morn
 And why recall my early friendships dear ?
 Why lead my thoughts to fond illusions past ?
 They claim the plaintive tribute of a tear ;
 I weep for dreams of joy that fled so fast.
 Ah ! still will Fancy all the scenes revive,
 The favourite scenes that charm'd my youthful breast ;
 She bids them now in softer colours live,
 And paints the cottage of domestic rest
 When pleasure lighted up the sparkling eye,
 And on swift pinions flew the social day !
 Ah ! then I pour'd the simple melody,
 To hail the brilliance of the morning ray
 Ah ! still retentive only to my woe,
 Will memory trace the picture of my cot ;
 And while in vain the tears of sorrow flow,
 I rove in fancy to the sacred spot ;
 There fragrant woodbines form'd a mantling bower ;
 And there I planted the luxuriant vine ;
 There love and friendship bless'd the festive hour
 While every rural happiness was mine.
 Ah ! thus will 'sadly-pleasing' memory dwell
 On all the hopes, the fond illusions o'er ;
 And still with touching power she loveth to te
 Of happy moments to return no more.

Mrs. Hemans.

MELANCHOLY.

WHEN Autumn shadows tint the waving trees,
 When fading foliage flies upon the breeze !
 When evening mellows all the glowing scene,
 And the mild dew descends in drops of balm :
 When the sweet landscape placid and serene,
 Inspires the bosom with a pensive calm ;
 Oh ! then I love to linger in the vale,
 And hear the bird of eve's romantic tale !
 I love the rocky sea beach to explore,
 Where the clear wave flows murmuring to the
 shore,
 To hear the shepherd's plaintive music sound,
 When Echo answers from the woods around ;
 To watch the twilight spread a gentle vail
 O'er melting shadows o'er the grassy dale,
 To view the smile of evening on the sea ;
 Oh ! these are pleasures ever dear to me.
 To wander with the melancholy muse,
 O'er waving trees their pensive shade diffuse
 When by some secret charm the soften'd mind
 Stays high in contemplation unconfined,
 And melancholy and the muse resign'd.

Mrs. Hemans.

EVENING ON BOARD THE SEA HORSE.

SWEET evening hour ! thy gale is balm,
 And fragrant are thy pearly dews ;
 Thine is the mild and genial calm,
 Beloved by zephyr and the muse.

With fading smile the rosy day,
Now lingers in the radiant west ;
The breezes o'er the water play
The summer waves are lull'd to rest.

I love to mark the glowing skies,
Reflected in the glassy deep ;
To watch the star of evening rise,
When all the ocean seems to sleep.

But see ! the twilight mantle grey,
O'er all the fading view is spread ,
The glowing skies are passed away.
The bright and purple clouds are fled.

While memory loves unseen to mourn,
Alone to shed the sacred tear :
Still to the muse thy blest return,
Oh ! pensive twilight, shall be dear.

Now let me pour the soothing lay,
And hear the waves that murmuring glide ;
And wander till the moonlight ray,
Serenely trembles on the tide.

Come, gentle Fancy, rove with me,
At this thy favourite shadowy hour ;
Awake soft music, from the sea,
And waft me heavenward by thy power.

Mrs. Hemans.

HOPE.

THERE is a thought can lift the soul
Above the narrow sphere that bounds it,—
A star, that sheds its mild control
Brightest, when grief's dark clouds surround it,

Pouring a soft, pervading ray,
Life's ills can never chase away.

When earthly joys have left the breast,
And e'en the last fond hope it cherished
Of mortal bliss—too like the rest
Beneath woe's withering touch has perished,—
With cheerful lustre streams *that* light,—
A halo on the brow of night.

And bitter were our sojourn here,
In this dark wilderness of sorrow,
Did not that rainbow beam appear,—
The herald of a brighter morrow,—
A friendly beacon from on high, •
To guide us to ETERNITY.



ON HOME.

THAT is not home, where day by day,
I wear the busy hour away.
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light—
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give
A home in which the heart can live—
These walls no lingering hopes endear,
No fond remembrance chains me here,
Cheerless I heave the lonely sigh—
Eliza, canst thou tell me why?
'Tis where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home;

And some in halls of lordly state;
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The sailor's home is on the main,
The warrior's on the tented plain,
The maiden's in her bower of rest,
The infant's on her mother's breast—
But where thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride,
They are too high, and cold, and wide.
No home is by the wanderer found:
'Tis not in place: it hath no bound,
It is a circling atmosphere,
Investing all the heart holds dear:—
A law of strange attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course.

It is a presence undefined,
O'ershadowing the conscious mind,
Where love and duty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend;—
Where'er thou art, is home to me.
And home without thee cannot be.

My love, forgive the anxious sigh—
I hear the moments rushing by,
And think that life is fleeting fast,
That youth with health will soon be past.
Oh! when will time consenting give
The home in which my heart can live?
There shall the past and future meet,
And o'er our couch, is union sweet,
Extend their cherub wings, and shower
Bright influence on the present hour.

Oh ! when shall Israel's mystic guide,
The pillar'd cloud, our steps decide,
Then, resting, spread its guardian shade,
To bless the home which love hath made ?
Daily, my love, shall thence arise
Our hearts united sacrifice ;
And home, indeed, a home will be,
Thus consecrate and shared with thee.

Conder.

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

I've stood to gaze on the sunset hill,
When the winds were hush'd, the waves were
still,
As the sun sunk slowly down the west,
I thought of the good man dropping to rest,
When his race is run,—he yields his breath,
And softly sinks in the slumber of death.
When I gaze on the gorgeous western sky,
I thought of the blissful bowers on high,
Whose brightness—blessedness serene,
Ear hath not heard,—eye hath not seen.—
When I saw the golden glories die,
I thought on life's uncertainty:
And as night came on in her ebon gloom,
Oh ! I thought of the dark and dreamless
tomb,
How soon man's fairest prospects flee,
The curtain drops—"And where is he?"

THE VACANT CHAIR.

THY name, thy worth, my buried love,

To others shall be told,

Inscribed upon a marble tomb

In characters of gold ;

But in thy chamber I will mourn,

I've dear memorials there ;

I'll look upon thy silent lute,

And yonder vacant chair.

How precious to the widowed heart

Such simple records prove ;

In fond perfection they restore

Lost words and looks of love.

They give us tears, and take from pain

The anguish of despair ;

I'll look upon yon silent lute,

And yonder vacant chair.

T. H. Bayley.

 LINES

On sending out to his parents, in a distant colony, a little boy who had been left an infant with his relatives in this country.

The guardians of his infant days

Yield to a higher right ;

The hour arrives, the vessel weighs,

That bears him from our sight.

But ere she stretches to the deep,

He, wondering, weeping, sinks to sleep.

At morn, no loved familiar face

His waking hour attends :

No well-known object can he trace,
Nor hear the voice of friends,
Who, from the dawn of childhood dim,
Had still been all the world to him.
Nor can he, from the deck, see more
The castle with its towers,
The dome-crowned hill, the winding shore,
The gardens and their flowers,
His eye now rests on nothing save
The flying cloud, and rolling wave.
But lighter feelings soon find scope
To chase the transient gloom,
And wonder, fancy, gladness, hope,
Their wonted sway resume.
Grief no abiding place can find
Within the buoyant infant mind.
He scans the secrets of his ark,
He loves the deck to roam;
And soon that lone and little bark
Becomes to him a home.
The waste of waters and the sky
No longer strike his startled eye.
The sailors love him—as he runs,
Smile at his merry falls;
While some will sigh for little ones,
Whose image he recalls;
And kind to him, feel as if kind
To those they love and leave behind.
And still to love him, that is all
Our portion in him now,
Fixed by what memory will recall
Or fancy may allow :

Far from his father's distant shore,
He can return to us no more.
We see him wonder, as arose
 The enchanted castle's wall,
Or laugh at all the comic woes
 Which Gilpin did befall:
Or mourn the fatal arrow sped
That stretched Cock-Robin with the dead.
We hear him say those little hymns
 So simple and sincere,
Or gaily chaunt those nursery rhymes
 To childhood ever dear.
In all his lisping words a grace
We almost grieve time should efface.
While evening deepens into gloom
 To tell the tale oft told :
To watch the flowers of fancy bloom,
 Or reason's buds unfold ;
To mark the good and true imprest
Upon his young and artless breast.
These were our pleasures and our cares,
 Which others now must know ;
If he who in his mercy spares,
 Shall overrule it so—
May He control the tempest's force,
And guide the vessel in her course.
And though by nature called away
 To a new home of joy,
Oft may his thoughts to usward stray,
 Our little wandering boy.
Yet be no shade of sorrow cast,
O'er his fond memory of the past.

THE FIRST INQUIRIES.

FATHER !, who made all the beautiful flowers,
And the bright green shades of the summer
bowers?

Is it the warm beaming sun that brings
The emerald leaves and their blossomings,
Flowers to the field and fruit to thee tree?
Not the sun, my child, but one greater than he !
Father ! whose hand formed the blue tinted sky,
Its curtained clouds and its radiancy?
What are those stars we view shining in air?
What power ever keeps them suspended there?
Was it man form'd the skies and the glories we
see?

Not man, my dear child, but one greater than he !
Father ! from whence came our native land,
With its rivers and seas and mountains so grand:
Its tall frowning rocks, and its shell spangl'd
shore—

Were these not the works of some people of yore?
Owe these not their birth to man's great degree?
Not to man, my dear child, but one greater than
he !

From God came the trees, the flowers, and the
earth,

To God do the mountains and seas owe their
birth ;

His glory alone, love, created on high,
The sun, moon, and stars, and the beautiful sky,
It was he form'd the land, and no people of yore—
Bend thy knee, my sweet child, and that God
now adore.

ODE TO POVERTY.

HAIL ! mighty power ! who o'er my lot
Presidest uncontroll'd and free ;
Sole ruler of the rural cot,
I bid thee hail, dread poverty !
Thine aid I crave to guide my strain,
Nor shall I supplicate in vain.
When on this world of woe and toil,
A helpless stranger I was cast,
Like mariner on desert isle,
The sport and victim of the blast,
Thy russet robe was o'er me flung,
And to thy cold lean hand I clung.
Much have I seen—much more I've heard,
Of chance and change in this vain world ;
From low to high estate preferr'd—
From high estate the haughty hurl'd ;
But chance or change ne'er pass'd o'er me—
I'm still thy subject, Poverty !
(Oh, how unwise are they who scorn
Thy homely garb and homely fare ;
Who scale the topics burning bourne,
Ideal happiness to share !
They tread the wild, and plough the wave,
In quest of gold—but find a grave.)
There are who know the but by name,
Who spurn thy salutary laws,
And count thy badge a mark of shame,
And hold it sin to own thy cause.
Fool that they are !—they never knew
The guiltless pride, thy spirit true.

Full oft in danger's darkest day
Thy sons have proved their country's shield,
When wealth's effeminate array
Appear'd not on the battle field :—
'Twas theirs to grasp the patriot brand,
That dropped from luxury's nerveless hand.

Full oft, where wealth-engender'd crime
Roll'd o'er the land its whelming tide,
Their fervent faith and hope sublime
Have stable proved, though sorely tried ;
In virtue's heavenward path they trod,
When Pleasure's sons forsook their God.

And yet nor stone, nor poet's strain,
Records their honours undefiled ;
Even poesy would weave in vain
The laurel leaf for penury's child :
Should fashion sneer, or fortune frown,
'Twould wither ere the sun went down.

But greater, happier far is he,
More ample his reward of praise—
Though he should misery's kinsman be,
Though hardships cloud his early days—
Who triumphs in temptation's hour,
Than he who wins the warlike tower.

What though he may not write his name
On history's ever living page !
What though the thrilling trump of fame
Echo it not from age to age !
'Tis blazoned bright in realms on high,
Enroll'd in records of the sky.

What though the hireling bard be mute,
When humble worth for notice calls,

There wants not voice of harp or lute
 To hymn it high in heavenly halls :
 Around the cell where virtue weeps,
 His nightly watch the seraph keeps.

If peace of mind your thoughts employ,
 Ye restless murmuring sons of earth !
 Ah ! shun the splendid haunts of joy,
 Peace dwells not with unholy mirth,
 But oft amidst a crowd of woes,
 As in the desert blooms the rose.

Thick fly the hostile shafts of fate,
 And wreck and ruin mark their course,
 But the pure spirit, firm, sedate,
 Nor feels their flight, nor fears its force ;
 So storms the ocean's surface sweep,
 While calm below the waters sleep.

Oh ! may eternal peace be mine,
 Though outward woes urge on their war,
 And Hope do thou my path define,
 And light it with thy radiant star.
 Thou, Hope ! who through the shades of sorrow,
 Couldst trace the dawn of joy's bright morrow.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

SERVE God before the world ; let him not go
 Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
 The whole unto him and remember who
 Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine :
 Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
 Then journey on, and have an eye to heav'n.

Vaughan.

THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

He comes not; I have watch'd the moon go down;
But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep.
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
Oh ! how I love a mother's watch to keep
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed and deep,
I had a husband once who loved me ; now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees from laurel-flowers a poison sip.
But yet I cannot hate. Oh ! there were hours
When I could hang for ever on his eye ;
And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strew'd as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then ; he loved me too ; my heart
Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile ;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart ;
And though he often stings me with a dart,
Venom'd and barb'd, and wastes upon the vile,
Caresses which his babe and mine should share ;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness ; and should sickness come and lay
Its paralysing hand upon him, then
I would with kindness all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured and how faithful I had been.

THE NUN.

Why, lovely maid, thus waste thy blooming
prime,
Of earth regardless and the things of Time !
Thou may'st become an inmate of the skies,
Without dissolving Nature's tender ties ;
The gracious Power who rules o'er heaven and
earth
Is not the foe of youthful, harmless mirth ;
And though he bids thee think on things above,
Forbids thee not to own an earthly love ;
All sentient creatures happy are and gay,
In the mild morning of life's little day,
And seldom scorns to bless the cheerful light,
Thro' apprehensions of the coming night ;
Though Christ demands an undivided heart,
Yet kindred beings justly claim a part ;
Thus heavenly objects may thy thoughts employ,
In harmony with Friendship, Love, and Joy.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

Thou Friend of sinners ! who hast bought
Our freedom with thy precious blood ;
Whose grace my wandering feet hath sought,
To bring me to the fold of God ;
My sins forgive, my fears remove,
And fill my heart with grateful love.
Thee, let my ardent soul pursue ;
To Thee with fervent love aspire ;
Oh may thy spirit still renew
Within my heart that heavenly fire ;

And ever prompt my jealous care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

In suffering, be thy love my peace ;
In weakness, be thy love my power ;
And when this mortal life shall cease,
Bless with thy love my dying hour :
Point me to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

GENTLY, dear mother, here
The bridge is broken near thee, and below
The waters with a rapid current flow,—
Gently, and do not fear.
Lean on me, mother ; plant thy staff before thee,
For she who loves thee most is watching o'er thee.

The green leaves, as we pass,
Lay their light finger on thee unaware,
And by thy side the hazles cluster fair,
And the low forest grass
Grows green and lovely where the woodpaths
wind,
Alas, for thee, dear mother, thou art blind !

And nature is all bright ;
And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn ;

And evening's dewy light
Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky,—
Alas, dear mother, for thy clouded eye !

The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up
In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
Is pencill'd passing well.
And the swift birds on brilliant pinions flee,—
Alas, dear mother, that thou canst not see !

And the kind looks of friends
Peruse the sad expressions in thy face,
And the child stops amid his bounding race,
And the tall stripling bends
Low to thine ear, with duty unforget,—
Alas, dear mother, that thou seest them not !

But thou canst hear !—and love
May richly in a human tone be pour'd,
And the slight cadence of a whisper'd word
A daughter's love may prove ;
And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
Albeit thou dost not see my face the while.

Yes thou canst hear ! and He
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung,
Heaven, and earth, and sea !
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know,
With but one sense the soul may overflow !

Mrs. Gething.

LINES

FOUND IN THE SKELETON CASE AT THE ROYAL
ACADEMY, 1820.

BEHOLD this ruin ! 'twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full. •
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat ;
What beauteous pictures fill'd this spot,
What dreams of pleasure now forgot !
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace or record here !

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye.
But start not at the dismal void :
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed,
'That eye shall be for ever bright,
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue ;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
Then that tongue shall not condemn thee,
When death unveils eternity.

Say did these fingers dig the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine ?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them ;

But if the page of truth they sought,
 Or comfort to the mourner brought,
 These hands by grace shall humbly claim,
 Ethereal honour, wealth and fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod,
 These feet the path of duty trod ?
 If from the bowers of joy they fled,
 To soothe affliction's humble bed,
 If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
 And home to virtues' lap returned,
 These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
 And tread the palace of the sky.

SKETCHES FROM SCRIPTURE—No. V.

BY MRS. RILEY.

Noah, the Evening before the Flood.

OH, can it be that yonder setting sun,
 Glowing in splendour, though his course is run,
 Shall beam in peace no more upon this scene ?
 That this sweet valley, smiling and serene,
 With peaceful flocks and flow'ry verdure graced,
 Shall on the morrow be a watery waste ?
 Yet God hath spoken—can I doubt his word
 Whether in mercy, or in judgment heard ?
 Farewell, ye lost ones ! often have I warn'd
 Of God's approaching vengeance, but ye scorn'd
 My prayers, my tears—e'en now the voice of
 mirth
 Rings from the homes of this devoted earth ;
 The gorgeous feast is spread, while by his side
 The joyous bridegroom sees his happy bride :

Alas their couch will be the overwhelming wave.
Without a God to hear, an ark to save,
Yet to efface from earth sin's guilty stain,
This flood of waters will be found in vain.
Then, why am I in wond'rous mercy spared,
When the Almighty sword of vengeance, bared,
Gleans o'er the reckless earth? I have "found
 grace :"
And from amidst my guilty ruin'd race,
Shall Noah's name to future ages prove
A link between two worlds—a beacon-light of
 love.

THE SABBATH EVENING.

The light of Sabbath eve,
 Is fading fast away ;
What record will it leave,
 To crown the closing day ?
Is it a Sabbath spent
 Fruitless, and vain, and void ?
Or have the moments lent
 Been sacredly employed ?
How dreadful and how drear,
 In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
 That cannot come again.
Then, in that hopeless place,
 The tortured soul will say,
I had these hours of grace,
 But cast them all away

God of the Sabbath hours,
 Oh, may we never dare
 To waste in thoughts of ours,
 These sacred days of prayer.
Edmeston.

A COMPARISON.

The lapse of time and rivers is the same ;
 Both speed their journey with a restless dream :
 The silent pace with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no power persuaded to stay ;
 Alike irrevocable both when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
 Though each resemble each in every part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart,
 Streams never flow in vain, where streams abound
 How laughs the land, with various plenty crowned
 But time which should enrich the noble mind,
 Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.
Cowper.

THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

And can there be, who doubt there is a God,
 And life eternal ? Where the river flows,
 Deny the fountain-head who will, the wave
 That curling, murmurs furthest from its source,
 That source attests. Show me some well-wrought
 work
 Of matter or of mind ; though you produce
 No author, I conclude that such there was,

Or this had never been, and give him praise.
 And is Creation not a work of skill,
 In its grand outline, in its parts minute,
 That we should mark its movements, trace its
 laws,
 Observe its fine consenting harmonies,
 Yet feel no force of reason to infer
 The being of a great intelligence ?
 'Tis vain to trick out chance in idle pomp
 Of glory, to advance it to a throne,
 To choose its ministers among the winds,
 To put the thunder in its grasp,
 And bid it shake creation.

NATIONAL BALLADS.—No. I.

The Gunpowder Treason, Nov. 5, 1603, and the arrival
 of William III., on the same day, 1688.

YE smile ! I catch those shouts of joy—
 I hail the bonfire's blaze ;
 And even love the ungainly toy*
 That tells of other days :
 I can not look with eye of scorn,
 As the rude image round is borne ;
 I muse the while on love and power,
 Which saved our land in darken'd hour.
 Yes, dark and deadly all was done—
 The plotted train was laid ;
 And England by to-morrow's sun
 Had seen a sight of dread ;
 But he who pierces deepest night
 Darted abroad a ray of light ;

* The effigy of Guy Fawkes.

No glory, Lord ! for man we claim—
All glory be to thy great name.
Years passed away—a kingly hand
Was stretched in league with Rome;
Oppression stalk'd around the land,
Invading hearth and home :
Silent and still her chain she wound
Round England's Church on English ground.
Men started, trembling, from repose,
And the deep prayer to heaven arose.
The prayer was heard—a foreign fleet
On Britain's coast was moor'd !
But who was there the Prince to greet*
As Britain's future Lord ?
With silent lip, with speaking eye,
And thoughtful brow, he look'd on high ;
His God was near his cause to own,
And sent him to a bloodless throne.
Twice peril'd, and twice rescued, Lord,
To thee we lift our prayer ;
The things which from our sires we've heard,
Thy truth and power declare.
A spirit works—dark, restless, proud ;
Rome's thunders roll—dread, deep, not loud ;
The might displayed of old we crave,
Our state, our Church, to shield and save.
And smile not, friends, if with glad eye,
I see the village throng,

* When the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., landed in England, he was for several days not joined by any one ; the county of Devon having been terrified by the executions which had followed Monmouth's rebellion.

And watch the bonfire blazing high,
And list the good old song :
I call to mind what God's right hand
Hath done for this our guilty land ;
And joy to think he still is near,
Danger to mark, and prayer to hear.

M. A. Stodart.

JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER,

OF MADELEY.

WRITTEN AFTER READING HIS LIFE.

DEPARTED Saint ! as here I trace *
Thy pure, devoted love,
Thy growth in every Christian grace,
Imparted from above :
Thy deep humility, thy faith,
Thy charity, thy zeal,
Thy active life, thy peaceful death,—
These to my heart appeal.
Delight and shame at once they wake,
With low, yet pleading tone ;
The first excited for thy sake ;
The latter for my own.
I can but see how mighty clear
Thy lamp was wont to shine :
I can but think with grief and fear,
How dim and faint is mine.
Yet, the same Lord for both has died,
For both has risen again ;

The light which was thy guard and guide,
Would make my pathway plain.

Oh ! for faith, hope, and love like thine,
That I might follow thee :—
Saviour ! thy power is still divine,
Display that power for me !

Barton.

JOHN HOWARD.

A SPIRIT of unwearied zeal,
Patience, which nothing could subdue,
A heart the woes of man to feel,
In every varied form and hue ;
An open hand, and eye, and ear,
For all in prisons doomed to pine ;
A voice the captive's hopes to cheer ;—
These, noble Howard ! these were thine.

In cells by Mercy's feet untrod
'Twas thine the mourner's lot to scan ;
Thy polar star the Love of God,
Thy chart and compass love to man.
To mitigate the law's stern wrath
Thou trod'st, with steadfast heart and eye,
An open, unfrequented path
To fame and immortality !

What was thy meed ? a stranger's grave,
Divided from thy native land
By many a white and stormy wave,
By many a weary waste of sand.
Yet to that lone and distant tomb,
Thy name its memory may entrust,

Till cloudless glory burst its gloom,
And thou shalt rise to meet the just !

Barton.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

CAN *words* alone the first display ?
Prove we the last by *bended knee* ?
The right to praise, the power to pray,
Must both be given us, Lord, by Thee.

Thy Spirit must the heart prepare,
And faith in thy dear son be known,
Before the voice of praise, or prayer,
Can rise like incense to thy throne.

Then give the power thy grace imparts,
The love by Jesus shown of yore ;
That praiseless lives, and prayerless hearts,
May prove our guilt and shame no more.

Barton.

TO THE SWALLOW.

AERIAL voyager, who spreadest thy wing
O'er trackless waves to seek a sunnier clime !
To man's immortal spirit thou should'st bring
Thoughts of a lot more glorious and sublime.
Thou, when stern winter comes to strip our
 bowers,
Prompted by *instinct* only, takest thy flight
To distant lands, where fair and beauteous
 flowers,
Still but of earth—with splendour charm the
 sight.

But souls immortal, in the gathering gloom
Of death's dark winter, trust Faith's guiding
ray,
And soar where flowers of amaranthine bloom
Shine forth in stainless and eternal day.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

' Master, carest thou not that we perish?'—Mark iv.-38-

Such was the disciples' cry,
When the crested waves beat high,
And the heavens above were dark
O'er the tempest-driven bark.

Such, O Lord ! in trial's hour,
When afflictions round us lower,
Now, on life's tempestuous sea,
Our complaining cry to Thee.

But thou didst not, though upbraided,
Leave thy followers then unrided ;
Prompt to succour, swift to save,
Thou rebukest wind and wave.

At the word which spoke thy will,
Then the stormy wind was still ;
At thy voice the waves subsided,
And the gentlest murmurs glided.

Though their faith, too often frail,
In thy power divine might fail,
Though thou might'st reprove their fear,
Still thy saving arm was near.

Thus, O Lord ! on us look down,
When above us clouds may frown ;

Tossing on a stormy sea,
Helpless, hopeless, but for Thee.
Should we deem ourselves forgot,
Let thy mercies fail us not ;
But in doubt's distrustful hour
Magnify thy love and power.

Barton.

CROWLAND BRIDGE.

Lines on an ancient Bridge at Croyland or Crowland, in Lincolnshire, supposed to have been built by the Monks, in emblem of the Trinity. The bridge consists of three equal arches, and three equal roads over it, all meeting in one centre. It was built in the reign of Ethelbert.

Of sacred truth, and pious thought,
This bridge an emblem gives,
It seems to raise the serious mind,
To him who ever lives.
Three equal arches joined in one,
Here formed the Pilgrim's road,
The Christian faith is built on three,
Its Key Stone is one God.

ON THE SAME.

Ye Monks ! who in your gloomy cloisters kept
That sacred volume which for ages slept :—
In superstition's dark and dreary night,
You still preserved some feeble gleam of light.
For when your labours did a bridge design,
It taught one great—one saving truth divine,

That weary Pilgrims from afar might see,
A striking emblem of--THE ONE IN THREE.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Verses written in the first leaf of a small volume, entitled
Cowper's Rural Walks.

'Tis not the Painter's power to please
That here attracts the eye,
For prouder works of art than these,
Are passed regardless by.

Nor here 'magnificently grand
Are nature's beauties seen ;
On Ouse's bank her beauteous hand
Bestows a softer mien.

Why then are these wild landscapes fraught
With charms, whose meek appeal
To sensibility and thought,
My heart is prone to feel ?

Cowper ! thy muse's magic skill,
Hath made them classic ground ;
Thy gentle memory haunts them still,
And casts its spell around.

The hoary oak, the peasant's nest,
The rustic bridge, the grove,
The turf thy feet so oft have prest,
The temple and alcove.

The shrubbery, moss-house, simple urn,
The elms, the lodge, the hall ;—

Each is thy witness in its turn,
Thy verse the charm of all.

Thy verse—not less to nature true
Than to Religion dear—
O'er every object sheds a hue,
That long must linger here.

Amid these scenes those hours were spent
Of which we reap the fruit ;
And each is now thy monument,
Since that sweet lyre is mute.

"Here like the Nightingale's," were poured
"Thy solitary lays,"
Which sought the glory of the Lord,
Nor asked for human praise.

Here beneath clouds of darkest gloom,
Thy cup of woe was drained ;
And here immortally to bloom,
Thy stainless wreath was gained :—

Not given thee by the fabled Nine,
But Virtue's just reward,
And such as Angels might entwine
To crown a Christian bard ?

Barton.

A HYMN.

When amidst our earthly cares,
Lord, we lift to thee our prayers ;
Regard us with an eye of love,
And hear us from thy throne above

When we sink with worldly fears,
When we weep with faithless tears,
Uphold us with thine arm of love,
And bless us from thy throne above.

When we strive with parting breath,
With the last opposer, Death.
Invite us with thy voice of love,
And call us from thy throne above.

When the latest dart is thrown,
When the latest breath hath flown,
May we, in realms of light, and love,
Adore thee on thy throne above.

ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Hail ! sacred volume of eternal truth,
Thou staff of age—thou guide of wandering
youth,
Thou art the prize that all that run shall win,
Thou the sole shield against the darts of sin ;
Thou giv'st the weary rest, the poor man wealth,
Strength to the weak, and to the dying health.
Lead me, my King, my Saviour and my God
Thro' all those paths, thy sainted servants trod,
Teach me thy two-fold nature to explore,
Copy the human—the Divine adore,
To wait with patience : live in hope and fear,
And walk between presumption and despair,
Then shall thy blood wash out the stains of
guilt,
And not in vain for me, e'en me be spilt.

PAUL ACCUSED BEFORE THE ROMAN
GOVERNOR OF JUDEA.

THE Judge ascended to the judgment-seat :
Amid a gleam of spears the Apostle stood.
Dauntless he forward came, and looked around,
And raised his voice, at first in accents low,
Yet clear ;—a whisper spread among the throng :
So when the thunder mutters, still the breeze
Is heard, at times, to sigh ; but when the peal,
Tremendous, louder rolls, a silence dead
Succeed each pause,—moveless the aspen leaf.
Thus fixed and motionless, the listening band
Of Soldiers forward leaned, as from the man,
Inspired of God, truth's awful thunders rolled.
No more he feels, upon his high-raised arm,
The ponderous chain, than does the playful child
The bracelets, formed of many a flowery link.
Heedless of self, forgetful that his life
Is now to be defended by his words,
He only thinks of doing good to them
Who seek his life ; and while he reasons high
Of justice, temperance, and the life to come,
The judge shrinks trembling at the prisoner's
voice.

Graham.

STANZAS.

THERE'S nothing bright, above, below,
From flower that blooms to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when,
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

Moore.

A HEBREW MELODY.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and
brave,
How vain was their boasting !—The Lord hath
but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free ;
Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our
sword !
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
pride ?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of
glory
And all her brave thousands were dash'd in the
tide.
Sound the loud timbrel, o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

Moore.

WOMAN.

Woman all exceeds
 In ardent sanctitude and pious deeds ;
 And chief in woman, charities prevail
 That soothe when sorrows, or disease assail.
 As dropping balm medicinal instils
 Health when we pine ; her tears alleviate ills,
 And the moist emblems of her pity flow
 As heav'n relented with the wat'ry bow.
 Ask the poor pilgrim —————
 Ask him what accentssoothes, what hand bestows
 The cordial bev'rage, garment and repose ;
 Oh, he will dart a spark of ancient flame
 And clasp his tremulous hands, and woman name,
 Peruse the sacred volume. Him who died
 Her kiss betray'd not, nor her tongue denied.
 While e'en the apostles left him to his doom,
 She linger'd round his cross, and watched his
 tomb.

THE SONG OF ANGELS.

CHRIST is arisen——
 The Lord hath ascended,
 The dominion of Death
 And Corruption is ended.
 Your work of obedience
 Haste to begin,
 Break from the bondage
 Of Satan and sin——

In your lives his laws obey—
 Let Love your govern'd bosoms sway—
 Blessings to the poor convey—
 To God with humble spirit pray—
 To Man his benefits display—
 Act thus—and He—your master dear,
 Though unseen, is ever near.

From the German of Goethe.

ON THE CHURCH OF KRISUVICK IN ICELAND.

"There was nothing so sacred in the appearance of this Church as to make us hesitate to use the altar as our dining table."—Mackenzie's Travels in Iceland.

Though gilded domes, and splendid fanes,
 And costly robes, and choral strains,
 And altars richly drest,
 And sculptur'd saints, and sparkling gems,
 And mitred heads, and diadems,
 Inspire with awe the heart :

The soul enlarged,—devout—sincere,
 With equal piety draws near
 The holy house of God.
 That rudely rears its rustic head,
 Scarce higher than the peasant's shed.
 By peasant only trod.

'Tis not the pageantry of show,
 That can impart devotion's glow,
 Or sanctify a pray'r :

Then why, th' Icelandic Church disdain,
Or why its sacred walls profane,
As though God dwelt not there?

The contrite heart—the pious mind—
The christian—to that spot confined,
Before its altar kneels !
There breathes his hopes—there plights his
vows—
And there, with low submission, bows,
And to his God appeals.

In realms that touch the northern pole,
Where streams of burning lava roll
Their desolating course :
Sulphureous mountains raging boil,
Blasting the already sterile soul, •
With wild volcanic force ;

Where cold, and snow, and frost conspire,
With livid subterranean fire,
To curse the barren lands,
Where deep morasses faithless smile,
In transient verdure to beguile,
This humble Fabric stands.

Oh ! scorn it not, because 'tis poor,
Nor turn thee from its sacred door,
With contumelious pride :
But entering in, that Power adore
Who gave thee on a milder sphere
In safety to reside.

Where Zephyr breathes in temper'd gales
Thro' wood-crown'd hills, and gentle vales,
And gentle rivers flow ;

And herbs, and fruits, and fragrant flowers,
And flocks, and herds, and shady bowers,
Their varied gifts bestow.

Let no presumptuous thoughts arise,
That thou art dearer in his eyes
Than poor Iceland's swain ;
Who bravely meets the northern wind
With brow serene—and soul resigned
To penury and pain.

Where much is given—more is required ;
When little—less is still desired ;
Enjoy thy happier lot
With trembling awe, and chasten'd fear ;
Krisvick's church to God is dear,
And will not be forgot.

A THOUGHT.

What rapture fills the soul refined,
On meeting with a kindred mind,
Amid the uncongenial mass,
Thro' which the traveller has to pass.
Its weary wings a moment close,
And oh ! it finds a sweet repose.

STANZA.

THERE is a calm the poor in spirit know,
That softens sorrow and that sweetens woe ;
There is a *peace* that dwells *within* the breast
When all *without* is stormy and distress ;

There is a *light* that gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers threaten and when troubles lower,
That calm to *faith* and *hope* and *love* is given
That *peace* remains when all beside is riven,
That light shines down to man direct from heaven.

Edmeston.

THE SUICIDE.

No dark and sorrowful array,—
No pompous hearse with sable plume,—
No mourners heralding the way,
Conveyed him to the tomb;
But in the shadow of the night,
When slept the moon within her cave;
And the pale stars withdrew their light
They laid him in his grave.

PLEASURE.

WHAT are all our promis'd pleasures,
But the dew drops on the thorn,
Little sparkling glitt'ring treasures,
Twinkling gems that deck the morn.

MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

'TWAS when the seas with hideous roar,
A little bark assail'd;
That pallid fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevail'd.

Save, one the captain's darling child,
Who fearless view'd the storm,
And playful with composure smiled,
At dangers threat'ning form.

Why sporting thus, a seaman cried,
Whilst sorrows overwhelm?
Why yield to grief, the boy replied,
My Father's at the helm.

Despairing soul ; from thence be taught,
How groundless is thy fear ;
Think on what wonders Christ has wrought,
And he is always near.

HYMN.

'How often I would have gathered thy children to
gether, &c."—Luke 13, 24.

HOLY Saviour, mighty King,
O'er me spread thy guardian wing ;
When by trembling tears distress'd,
Let me fly to thee and rest.

Call me, keep me, by thy side,
Teach me there alone to hide ;
Where, for safety, should I flee
If my footsteps strayed from thee ?

Warn me with thy gentle voice,
Point my path, and guide my choice ;
Let me, Lord, in thee possess
Wisdom, peace, and righteousness.

C. E.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As the corpse o'er the rampart was hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where the Hero was buried.

We buried him sadly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we stedfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll speak of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton hath laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the bell toll'd the hour for retiring ;
And we heard by the distant random gun
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him
In the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.
Wolfe.

POWER OF MATERNAL PRIDE.

Why gaze on my hoary hairs,
Ye children, young and gay ?
Your locks, beneath the blasts of cares,
Will bleach as white as they.
I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kiss'd from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.
She, when the nightly couch was spread
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And, kneeling, pray for me.
But, then, there came a fearful day,
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.
I plucked a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side
And thought strange sleep enchain'd her soul,
For no fond voice replied.
That eve I knelt me down in woe,
And said a lonely prayer ;
Yet still my temples seem'd to glow
As if that hand were there.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear !
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed ;
Yet ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed
And down I fell, and wept.

Youth came the props of virtue reeling,
But oft, at lay's decline,
A marble touch my brow congealed—
Blessed mother, was it thine ?—

In foreign lands I travelled wide.
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes by my side,
And pleasure lured my eye ;

Yet still *thou bend*, so soft and cold
Maintained its mystic sway,
So when, amid my curls of gold,
With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,
As from the lowly sod,
" My son—my only one—beware !
Nor sin against thy God."

Yet think, perchance, that age hath stole
My kindly warmth away,
And dimmed the tablet of my soul !
Yet when, with lordly sway.

This brow the plumed helm displayed,
That guides the warrior throng,

For beauty's thrilling fingers strayed
These manly locks among.—

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot?
And now, though time hath set
His frosty seal upon my lot,
Those temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Have led the wanderer there.

Sigourney.

. BEST WISHES.

Who art thou, stranger? Nay, read on,
I will not ask thy name or lot;
Whether thy days be well nigh gone
Or in their spring—it matters not;
Thou art my brother! and for thee
Stranger! shall my best wishes be.

Life is a sea of stormy pain;
Thou know'st it, or thou soon wilt know:
Thine be the faith that braves the main,
When its most angry tempests blow:
Thine anchor cast within the veil!
None ever knew that mooring fail.

Thine be the love,—refined from sense,—
That seeks its object in the skies,
Draws all its warmth and brightness thence
Its comfort, confidence, and joys;

And be thy best affections giv'n,
To Him, who lov'd thee first in Heaven.

Thine be the refuge,—eyer found

By them who seek in faith and pray'r
From all the trials that abound

Throughout this wilderness of care,
The faithfulness of him, whose love
Storms cannot quench, nor death remove.

Thine be the meekness of the flower

That bows its head before the blast;
Increase in wisdom and in power ;

Be lowliness around thee cast ;
Thy faith and love, like flames of fire
Trembling, the higher they aspire.

And when thy Master calls thee—thine,

Thine be the crown of endless joy,
Where Heaven's eternal rivers shine

Beneath a bright and cloudless sky.
Those realms—how beautiful and fair,
Stranger ! a blissful meeting there !

Anon.

ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

Sore was the famine throughout all the bounds
Of Israel, when Elijah, by command
Of God, journeyed to Cherith's failing brook,
No rain-drops fall, no dew-fraught cloud, at morn
Or closing eve, creeps slowly up the vale ;
The withering herbage dies : among the palms
The shrivelled leaves send to the summer's gale
An autumn rustle ; no sweet songster's lay

Is warbled from the branches; scarce is heard
The rill's faint brawl. The prophet looks around,
And trusts in God, and lays his silvered head
Upon the flowerless bank. serene he sleeps,
Nor wakes till dawning: then with hands en-
clasped,

And heavenward face, and eyelids closed he prays
To him who manna on the desert shower'd;
To him who from the rock made mountains gush;
Entranced the man of God remains, till, roused
By sound of wheeling wings, with grateful heart,
He sees the ravens fearless by his side
Alight, and leave the heaven-provided food.

Grailume.

THE MANIAC.

To see the human mind o'erturn'd
Its loftiest heights in ruin laid
And reason's lamp which brightly burn'd,
Obscured, or quench'd in frenzy's shade,
A sight like this may well awake
Our grief, our fear,—for nature's sake.

It is a painful, humbling thought—
To know the empire of the mind,
With wit endow'd, with science fraught,
Is fleeting as the passing wind;
And that the richest boon of heaven
To man—is rather lent than given.

To day he sits on reason's throne,
And bids his subject powers obey :

Thought, memory, will,—all seem his own,
Come at his bidding, list his sway ;
To-morrow—from dominion hurl'd,
Madness pervades the mental world.

Yet think not, though forlorn and drear
The maniac's doom—his lot the worst,
There is suffering more severe
Than these sad records have rehearsed ;
'Tis his, whose virtues struggle still
In hopeless conflict with his will.

There are—before whose mental eye
Truth has her brightest charms display'd ;
But gaudier phantoms, flutt'ring by,
The erring mind have still betray'd ;
'Till gathering clouds in awful night,
Have quench'd each beam of heavenly light.

There are—whose mental ear has heard
The "*still small voice*!" yet prone to wrong,
Have proudly, foolishly preferr'd
The sophist's creed, the syren's song :
And staked, upon a desperate throw,
Their hopes above,—their peace below.

There are, in short, whose days present
One constant scene of painful strife ;
Who hourly for themselves invent
Fresh conflicts, till this dream of life
Has made their throbbing bosoms ache,
And yet, alas ! they fear to wake.

With theirs compared, the maniac's doom,
Though abject, must be counted blest ;

His mind, though often veil'd in gloom,
At times may know a vacant rest;
Not so, while thought and conscience prey
Upon the heart which slights their sway.

Burton.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,—
The Christian's native air,
His watch-word at the gates of death,
He enters Heaven with prayer.
Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels on their wings rejoice,
And say,—“ Behold he prays !”
The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father, Spirit, Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth *alone*,
 The Holy Spirit pleads,
 And Jesus on the eternal throne,
 For sinners intercedes.

O thou by whom we come to God !
 The Life—the Truth—the Way !
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
 Lord, teach us how to pray !
J. Montgomery.

THE ASPEN TREE.

I would not be
 A leaf on yonder aspen tree !
 In every fickle breeze to play,
 Wildly, weakly, idly, gay,
 So feebly framed, so lightly hung,
 By the wing of an insect stirred and swung ;
 Thrilling e'en to a redbreast's note,
 Drooping if only a light mist float,
 Brightened and dimmed like a varying glass,
 As shadow or sunbeam chance to pass :—
 I would not be
 A leaf on yonder aspen tree.
 It is not because the autumn sere
 Would change my merry guise and cheer,—
 That soon, full soon, nor leaf nor stem,
 Sunlight would gladden, or dew-drop gem,
 That I, with my fellows, must fall to the earth,
 Forgotten our beauty and breezy mirth,
 Or else on the bough where all had grown,
 Must linger on, and linger alone ;
 Might life be an endless summer's day,

And I be for ever green and gay,
I would not be, I would not be,
A leaf on yonder aspen tree !
Proudly spoken, heart of mine,
Yet weakness and change perchance are thine,
More, and darker, and sadder, to see,
Than betal the leaves of yonder tree !
What if they flutter—their life is a dance ;
Or toy with the sun beam—they live in his glance ;
To bird, breeze, and insect, rustle and thrill,
Never the same, never mute, never still, —
Emblems of all that is tickle and gay,
But leaves in their birth, but leaves in decay—
Chide them, not—heed them not, spirit, away !
In to thyself, to thine own hidden shrine.
What there dost thou worship ? what deem'st
thou divine ?
Thy hopes,—are they stedfast, and holy, and high ;
Are they built on a rock ? are they raised to the
sky ?
Thy deep secret yearnings,—oh ! whither point
they,
To the triumphs of earth, to the toys of a day ?—
Thy friendships and feelings,—doth impulse
prevail,
To make them, and mar them, as wind swells
the sail ?
Thy life's ruling passion—thy being's first aim—
What are they ? and yield they contentment or
shame ?
Spirit, proud spirit, ponder thy state,
If thine the leaf's lightness, not thine the leaf's
fate,

It may flutter, and glisten, and wither, and die,
 And heed not our pity, and ask not our sigh :
 But for thee, the immortal, no winter may throw
 Eternal repose on thy joy, or thy woe ;
 Thou must live—live for ever—in glory or gloom
 Beyond the world's precincts, beyond the dark
 tomb.

Look to thyself, then, ere past is Hope's reign,
 And looking and longing alike are in vain ;
 Lest thou deem it a bliss to have been or to be,
 But a fluttering leaf on yon aspen tree.

Miss Jewsbury.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

SOLDIER, go—but not to claim
 Mouldering spoils of earth born treasure,
 Not to build a vaunting name,
 Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
 Dream not that the way is smooth,
 Hope not that the thorns are roses ;
 Turn no wistful eye of youth
 Where the sunny beam reposes ;—
 Thou hast sterner work to do
 Hosts to cut thy passage through :
 Close behind the gulphs are burning—
 Forward ! there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
 Spreads the world her downy pillow ;
 On the rock thy couch must be,
 While around thee chafes the billow :
 Thine must be a watchful sleep,

Wearier than another's waking ;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking.
Sleep, as on the battle field,
Girded—grasping sword and shield :
Those thou canst not name nor number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.
Soldier, rise—the war is done :
Lo ! the hosts of hell are flying ;
'Twas thy Lord the battle won ;
Jesus vanquished them by dying,
Pass the stream—before the lies
All the conquer'd land of glory ;
Hark what songs of rapture rise,
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown ;
Triumph ! all thy foes are banish'd
Death is slain, and earth has vanish'd.
Anon.

THE EXPIRING YEAR.

THE clock is striking twelve—how dull and clear
It falls upon my ear, tolling the knell
Of one year's life.—'Tis past. The year is gone,
And the recording Angel shuts the book
Stained by many a sin of word and deed !
'Tis silence all ! Ere lies another year,
How may our lots be altered !
How many a friend—a dear and valued friend
May fade before our view—
How many a little nook be desolate,

Where now bright faces smile around the hearth
 Where shall we be—where shall I be that day ?
 No man can tell—we can alone anticipate.
 I may be wealthy, honour'd, lov'd by all,
 Exalted far above my highest hopes :
 I may be poor, and scoff'd of men, and friendless,
 Where now kind hearts responsive beat to mine;
 I may be dead, forgotten, cold, and low,
 Return'd to the vile clay whence we all sprung !
 But hark ! what sounds are those ? Again that
 peal
 Welcomes the new-born year. 'Tis vain to think
 What I have been—what I shall be, remains
 Unknown to all, but to my God omniscient.
 If, when another year has roll'd its course,
 I should be wealthy, rich in health, and honour'd
 May I feel gratitude, and love to Him
 Who hath thus raised me. If my lot be low,
 May I be thankful still, and resign'd
 Convinced that He for some good end had call'd
 me.
 If I be dead ! oh, may I find indeed,
 My lot is changed to one of purer state—
 'To rest in mansions which the Saints have trod,
 'The lot of those, who walk'd on earth with God.
T. F.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BLEST hour ! when mortal man retires
 To hold communion with his God,
 To send to heaven his warm desires,
 And listen to his sacred word.

Blest hour ! when earthly cares resign
 Their empire o'er this anxious breast ;
 While all around, the calm divine
 Proclaims the holy day of rest.
 Blest hour ! when God himself draws nigh,
 Well pleased his people's voice to hear ;
 To list the penitential sigh,
 And wipe away the mourner's tear.
 Blest hour !—for then where He resorts,
 Foretastes of future bliss are given,
 And mortals find his earthly parts
 The house of God — the Gate of Heaven.
 Hail ! peaceful hour, supremely blest
 Amid the hours of earthly care !
 The hour that yields the spirit rest,
 That sacred hour — the hour of prayer.
 And when my hours of prayer are past.
 Oh ! may I leave these Sabbath days,
 To find eternity at last,
 A never-ending hour of praise.

Rev. T. Raffles.

INFANT'S PRAYER.

O THOU ! who mak'st the sun to rise,
 Beam on my soul, illumine mine eyes,
 And guide me through this world of care :
 The wandering atom thou canst see,
 The falling sparrow's mark'd by thee,
 Then, turning Mercy's ear on me,
 Listen ! listen !
 Listen to an infant's prayer !

O Thou ! whose blood was spilt to save
 Man's nature from a second grave ;
 To share in whose redeeming care,
 Want's lowliest child is not too mean,
 Guilt's darkest victim too unclean,
 Oh ! thou wilt deign from heaven to lean,
 And listen, listen,
 Listen to an infant's prayer

O Thou ! thou wilt from monarch's part,
 And dwell within the contrite heart,
 And build thyself a temple there,
 O'er all my dull affections move,
 Fill : " my soul with heavenly love,
 And, kindly stooping from above,
 Listen ! listen !
 Listen to an infant's prayer ! •

Neele.

THOUGHTS OF A DEAF AND DUMB BOY

ON OBSERVING HIS SISTER PLAYING UPON THE
 PIANO-FORTE.

SISTER, I would have thee tell
 (But alas ! I ne'er can know)
 What doth make thy bosom swell,
 And thine eye to brighten so,
 When thy nimble fingers play
 Upon that instrument so long !
 The sounds are beautiful you say,
 And rapture is the child of song.

But what is sound, that it can bring
Such sweet emotion to the breast ?
Oh, sound must be a lovely thing,
It makes thee, sister, seem so blest.
And yet, in vain I look for aught
That can such thrilling joy impart ;
Is music, then, a nameless thought
That holds communion with the heart ?

Or is it real—a thing that may
Be known to a sense of sight or touch ?
Ah ! whither would conjecture stray ;
’Tis vain—I only know this much—
That it is beautiful ; but where,
On earth below or heaven above,
Shall aught be found so pure and fair,
That may the soul so strongly move ?

I’ve seen the broad and fiery sun
Rising from the deep green sea,
And again, when day was done,
Streaking heaven’s far canopy
With a glorious crimson fringe,
As gorgeously he sunk to rest,
Purpling ocean with the tinge
Of his brilliant fading crest ;

And then, delighted, I have gazed,
As on a vision’d scene of bliss,
And all my thoughts were heavenward raised ;
Is music, sister, aught like this ?
And oh ! the beauteous star-lit sky,
Sparkling rich in blue and bright,
Is, surely, full of harmony :
Is sound so lovely as is light ?

And when the pale moon's silvery beams
Upon the stream and streamlet play,
Surpassing beautiful it seems ;
Is this like music, sister, say ?
Alas ! alas ! it cannot be ;
Methinks that look of rapture now—
'That passion-gaze of ecstasy—
That skyward lifted brow,—
Defies my vain conjectures all ;
'To me that fount of joy is seal'd—
Its influence on me shall fall,
Nor e'en to fancy be reveal'd.
Yet shall I not unpleased behold
The pleasure 'tis not mine to know ;
My sister's joy can ne'er unfold
To this fond heart a source of woe.

J. W.

THE MORE CONVENIENT SEASON.

ALONE he sat and wept. That very night
The' ambassador of God with earnest zeal
Of eloquence, he warn'd him to repent ;
And, like the Roman at Drusilla's side,
Hearing the truth, he trembled. Conscience
wrought,
Yet sin allured. The struggle shook him sore.
The dim lamp warn'd—the hour of midnight
toll'd ;
Prayer sought for entrance, but the heart had
closed
Its diamond valve. He threw him on his couch,

And bade the Spirit of his God depart.
—But there was war within him, and he sigh'd.
'Depart not utterly, thou blessed One!
Return, when youth is past, and make my soul
For ever thine.'

With kindling brow, he trod
The haunts of pleasure, while the viol's voice,
And beauty's smile, his joyous pulses woke.
To love he knelt, while on his brow she hung
Her freshest myrtle wreath. For gold he sought,
And winged wealth indulged him, till the world
Pronounced him happy. Manhood's vigorous
prime
Swell'd to its climax, and his busy days
And restless nights, swept, like a tide away.
Care struck around him, and each shoot
Still striking earthward, like the Indian tree,
Shut out with woven shades the eye of heaven,
When lo? a message from the Crucified,
'Look unto me, and live.' Pausing, he spake
Of weariness and haste, and want of time.
And duty to his children, and besought
A longer space to do the work of Heaven.
—God spake again, when age had shed its snows
On his won temples, and the palsied hand
Shrank from gold-gathering. But the rigid chain
Of habit bound him, and he still implored
A more convenient season.

'See, my step
Is firm and free; my unquench'd eye delights
To view this pleasant world; and life with me
May last for many years. In the calm hour
Of lingering sickness, I can better fit
For vast eternity.'

Disease approach'd
And reason fled. The maniac strove with death,
And grappled like a fiend, with shrieks and
cries,
Till darkness smote his eye balls, and thick ice
Closed in upon his heart-strings. The poor clay
Lay vanquish'd and distorted. But the soul—
The soul, whose promised season never came,
To hearken to its Maker's call, had gone
To weigh his sufferance, with its own abuse,
And bide the audit.

Mrs. Sigourney.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

MAN like a flower at morn appears,
And blooms perhaps a few short years :
The flatterer, Hope, still leads him on
In quest of pleasure, finding none ;
Or, if he finds it for a day,
It soon takes wings and flies away.
Oft things which promise passing fair,
Deceive and yield him nought but care,
Care ever varying, ever new,
Must still our fallen race pursue :
Comes joy ? care with it comes along,
And spoils the syren's sweetest song.
See pleasure with bewitching charms,
Man grasps it in his eager arms :
The vision swift dissolves in air,
He grasps—but finds it is not there :
The airy phantom still he views,
And still as vainly he pursues.

A better hope the Christian cheers,
Which joyful thro' life's gloom appears ;
Firm on a rock his hope he builds,
Which too no storm or tempest yields ;
Let earth dissolve—he will not fear ;
And why ? his hope is not fixed here.

He looks to heav'n where ev'ry joy
Is pure unmixed, without alloy ;
Joys such as mortals never know,
Nor raptured fancy ever drew,
Joys which shall never pass away,
Tho' heav'n and earth should both decay.

Tho' world'y pleasures here should fail.
And sorrow for awhile prevail ;
Tho' friends forsake, and death remove
The dearest objects of our love ;
Yet there remains a heavenly rest
For those whom Christ the Lord has blest.

And shall the world's deceitful smile
Us of this glorious hope beguile ?
Shall we earth's empty pleasures prize,
And heav'n seem little in our eyes ?
It must not be—vain dream away,
We look for joys which ne'er decay.

Dale.

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

'Twas silence all ; with noiseless tread
I paced the darken'd room,
Where scarce one struggling sun-beam shed
Its lustre through the gloom ;

There rested on her lonely bed
The heiress of the tomb.

I bent me o'er the lifeless clay
The features sunk and wan,
Where not one smile was seen to play
No vital current ran ;
But all, in whisper, seem'd to say,
How frail a thing is man !

I thought of those delightful hours,
When o'er the moonlight glade,
Or 'midst the garden's scented bow'rs,
With careless steps we stray'd :
Or cropp'd the woodbine's sweetest flow'rs,
Beneath the hazel's shade.

I thought of childhood's guileless day,
Of youth's still brighter prime ;
Or love's delightful hallow'd sway,
Religion's joys sublime ;
And ev'ry bliss which charm'd away,
The silent pace of time.

I thought upon the bed of pain,
The fever'd lip and eye :
The restless limb, the bounding vein,
The last, deep, stifled sigh ;
The tongue that will no answer deign,
Though friends the dearest cry.

I shed upon her lifeless cheek
One tear drop and no more ;
And knelt, in faith and patience meek,
That comfort to implore,
Which they, who through the Saviour seek,
Receive in boundless store.

I knelt, and lo ! in vision bright,
 My soul was rapt away,
Where, midst a world of glorious light,
 I saw a fair array
Of spirits, cloth'd in garments white,
 The stranger's welcome pay.
A spotless robe, a victor's palm,
 To her I loved were given,
While hands unseen diffused a balm
 Through all my heart-strings riven ;
And o'er my breast there breathed the calm,
 Th' unbroken calm of heaven ;
 J. Morris.

THE HARVEST MOON.

ALL hail ! thou misty queen of night,
 Bright empress of the starry sky,
The meekness of thy silvery light
 Beams gladness on the gazer's eye,
While from the peerless throne on high
 Thou shinest bright as cloudless noon,
And bid'st the shades of darkness fly
 Before thy glory—Harvest Moon !
In the deep stillness of the night,
 When weary Labour is at rest,
How lovely is the scene !—how bright
 The wood—the lawn—the mountain's breast,
When thou, fair Moon of Harvest ! hast
 Thy radiant glory all unfurled,
And sweetly smilest in the west,
 Far down upon the silent world.

Dispel the clouds, majestic orb !
That round the dim horizon brood,
And hush the winds that would disturb
The deep, the awful solitude,
That rests upon the slumbering flood,
The dewy fields, and silent grove,
When midnight hath thy zenith viewed,
And felt the kindness of thy love.

Lo ! scattered wide beneath thy throne,
The hope of millions richly spread,
That seems to court thy radiance down
To rest upon thy dewy bed ;
O ! let thy cloudless glory shed,
Its welcome brilliance from on high,
Till hope be realized—and fled
The omens of a frowning sky. •

Shine on, fair orb of light ! and smile
Till autumn months have pass'd away,
And labour hath forgot the toil
He bore in summer's sultry ray ;
And when the reapers end the day,
Tired with the burning heat of noon,
They'll come with spirits light and gay,
And bless thee—lovely Harvest Moon !

W. Miller.

BIRTH-DAY REFLECTIONS.

WHAT ! pass'd the bound'ry of another year,
Unmix'd with sorrows, and unmoved with fear !
Hath death as yet withheld his solemn doom,
Nor lodged this body in the vaulted tomb ?

Around whilst thousands have been swept away,
 And their frail forms been mingled with the clay.
 While infant youth and those of riper age,
 Stand register'd upon the funeral page—
 On every side whilst friends and neighbours fall,
 And hasten at the King of Terrors' call,
 Have I, in mercy and in grace, been spared,
 My frame not injured, nor my health impair'd?—
 'Tis even so : to-day time's rapid flight
 Upon my birth revolves its annual light ;
 This day, my natal day ! in health I stand,
 Kept and supported by thy almighty hand !
 Oh ! then, my soul, reflect upon the past,
 Consider well wherein thy lot is cast ;
 Call home thy thoughts, thy words, and works
 survey,

Scan ev'ry action of each wasted day.
 When reason bids thee, with her wise behest,
 To scrutinize the motions of thy breast,
 Turn not away—obey her call through choice,
 And own that reason's call is wisdom's voice ;
 Be these the words, the test, by which to prove
 If God regards thee as a child of love :
 Has the past year, on each succeeding day,
 Beheld me walking in God's righteous way ?
 Has every foible and besetting sin
 Suffer'd a holy violence within ?
 My heart distemper'd, and my thoughts impure,
 Have I applied to these the only cure ?
 For sin and for uncleanness Jesus' blood
 Pour'd freely forth, and stream'd a sacred flood ;
 Behold yon fountain spring ! there stands en-
 graved,
 " Pure is the man that in this fount has laved ! "

Am I thus blest?—oh, have I truly been
 seeking this fountain, that I may be clean !
 Oft as the morning usher'd in each day,
 have I been led before my God to pray ?
 Oft as the evening shades invite to rest,
 has deep devotion kindled in my breast ?
 My will controll'd, my passions all subdued,
 have pure and hallowed thoughts my mind im-
 bued !

Whene'er by doubtful sentiments perplex'd,
 My darksome mind, lay discomposed and vex'd.
 Have I then opened God's revealed word,
 And to those oracles of truth referr'd !—
 A sacred lamp ! which, ever burning bright,
 Dispellet darkness, and diffuseth light !
 Praise, O my soul, this day which gave thee birth,
 And rank'd thee as a tenant of the earth—
 Praise and inquire, herein is conscience clear ?
 Has this rule awayed thee, through the by-gone
 year ?

Conscience upbraids, sore troubled in his heart,
 That long has acted a neglected part.

O God ! forgive a sinner's blind career,
 Grant him henceforth a proper course to steer—
 Teach him thy ways, thy heavenly word to read,
 And on the "living bread" of heav'n to feed.
 May he be warn'd, whilst grace and mercy wait,
 Henceforth to see his lost and guilty state.
 Thus, when the herald of the grave shall come,
 To call some neighbour to the latest home.
 May thy unworthy servant feel that there
 His end must be—consider—and prepare !

Rev. T. Hall.

THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

HARK, hark, 'mid the busy stir of life
And the crowded city's hum,
I hear the thrilling tones of the fife,
And the roll of the muffled drum !

But their alter'd tones chime sad, and slow,
To the mourner's silent tread ;
And they breathe the hallow'd dirge of woe,—
The solemn march of the dead !

And looks of manliest grief are there,
And stern eyes drop a tear ;
And soldiers falter as they bear
Their youthful leader's bier !

And see ! as that bier draws nigh, it brings
Bright arms—a useless show ;
He hath no need of these gaudy things,
Who sleeps in death below !

For the voice that gave the stern command,
Hath sigh'd its latest breath ;
And an infant now may snatch the brand,
From his dull cold grasp of death !

And the breast so true and the brow so proud,
Are cold and senseless all :
He hath changed for the martial vest the shroud,
For the soldier's cloak the pall !

He would have hailed the dart that sped
His soul to a warrior's doom ;
But a slow and sickly couch was spread,
To waste him to the tomb !

They have borne him to the sacred porch,
They have borne him to the grave;
And the last sad rites of the Holy Church
Are paid to the young and brave!

They have breathed the funeral prayer and hymn,
They have fired the soldier's knell;
But it reach'd not, alas! the ear of him
Who sleeps in the narrow cell!

They have lower'd the coffin dark and deep,
In the lone grave's hollow womb;
And the lady he loved may come to weep
This eve o'er her soldier's tomb!

THE SKY-LARK.

How sweet is the song of the Lark, as she springs
To meet the morning with joy on her wings,
The higher she rises, the sweeter she sings;
And she sings while we hear her no more;
When storms and dark clouds veil the sun from
our sight, [light,
She has mounted above them, she sings in the
There, far from scenes that disturb and affright
She loves her gay music to pour.

It is thus with the Christian :—he sees from afar,
The day-spring appearing, the bright morning
star;
He quits this dark valley of sorrow and care,
For the land whence the day-spring is given;
He sings in his way from this cloud covered spot;
The swifter his progress, the sweeter his note;
When we hear it no longer, the song ceases not,—
It blends with the chorus in heaven;

"THE DEAD,"

"NUMBER the grains of sand outspread
Wherever ocean's billows roll ;
Or count the bright stars over head,
As these in their vaulted arches glow ;
Count all the tribes on earth that creep,
Or that expand the wing in air ;
Number the host that in the deep
Existence and its pleasure share ;
Count the green leaves that in the breath
Of spring's blithe gale are dancing fast ;
Or those, all faded, sere in death,
Which flit before the wintry blast ;—
Ay, number these, and myriads more,
All countless as they seem to be ;
There still remains an ample store
Untold by, unknown of thee.
Ask'st thou—" Who, or what be they ?"
Oh ! think upon thy mortal doom ;
And with anointed eye survey
The silent empire of the tomb !
Think of all those who erst have been
Living as thou art—even now ;
Looking upon life's busy scene
With glance as careless, light, as thou.
All these, like thee, have lived and moved,
Have seen—what now thou look'st upon,
Have fear'd, hoped, hated, mourn'd, or loved
And now from mortal sight are gone,

Yet, though unseen of human eye
Their relics slumber in the earth,—
The boon of immortality.
To them was given with vital birth.

They *were* ; and, having been, they *are* ?
Earth but contains their mould'ring dust !
Their deathless spirits, near or far,
With thine must rise to meet the just.

An awful thought it is to think
The viewless dead out number all
Who, bound by life's connecting link,
Now share with us this earthly ball.

It is a thought as dread and as high,
And one to wake a fearful thrill,
To think, while all who live must die,
The dead, the dead, are living still."

Anon.

THE LORD REIGNETH.

Be glad ye heavens, thou earth rejoice,
Man ! spread through every nation
With joyful and triumphant voice
The gospel of salvation :
Publish his glory, and his praise
Whose word his work sustaineth,
And gratefully his anthem raise,
Rejoice ! The Lord yet reigneth !
Before His footstool prostrate fall,
Whose gracious bounty giveth
To each created object—all
On which enjoyment liveth :—

From Him alone each good descends,
His arm each ill restraineth ;
Then tell to earth's remotest ends,
The Lord in glory reigneth !

Praise Him for all that ye possess
Of riches, glory, power ;—
Ye who have neither yet may bless
His goodness every hour :
His watchful and protecting eye
The meanest ne'er disdaineth,
Raise then, ye poor, your voice on high,
For you, for you, He reigneth.

But chiefly for salvation's gift,
Of which He is the Donor,
Angels and, men, your voices lift,
In songs of praise and honour :
O sing with gratitude His name
Whose death our life remaineth,
The love of Jesus loud proclaim,
And say, The Lord reigneth.

Barton.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

LORD ! when we seek thy throne of grace
To crave a blessing there.
O let not earthly things have place,
Unduly, in our prayer.
To know that 'tis thy bounteous hand
Our daily bread bestows ;
To feel it is from thy command
Each added blessings flows :

This we may humbly know, and feel,
But let not worldly store,
One thought excite which would reveal
A craving thirst for more.
Thou knowest well what things we need ;
Oh, give us faith to see
That *such* necessities can plead
Their own brief wants with Thee.
But teach us in the solemn hour
Of supplication, still
Simply to crave of Thee the power
To do thy holy will ;
To feel that thy protecting care,
From evil is our shield ;
To seek, in dark temptation's snare,
Thy arm for us revealed ;
To know thy kingdom here on earth
Within our hearts increase,
And prove to all how great the worth
Of thy pure gift of peace ;
Be such our prayers ! For all beside
Thy word a pledge shall be,
For Thou hast promised to provide
For all who follow thee.

Barton.

THE WAKENING.

" While Day arises, that sweet hour of peace."
How many thousand are wakenings now !
Some to the songs from the forest bough,

To the rustling of leaves at the lattice-pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid-sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds thro' the tumult her path of pride.

And some—oh! how well may *their* hearts rejoice
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice ;
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the hearth 'tis gone.

And some in the camp to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must ere night be won.

And some in the gloomy convict-cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
While the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to the sounds from the city borne ;
And some to the rolling of torrents floods,
Far 'midst old mountains, and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequer'd earth,
Each into life hath a daily birth,
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
Be the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But ONCE must the sound be, and ONE the call,
Which from the dust shall awake us all !
ONE, though to sever'd and distant dooms—
How shall the sleepers arise from their tombs?

Mrs. Hemans.

ON VISITING A SCENE OF CHILDHOOD.

LONG years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene,
Which my fancy still robed in its freshness of
green—

The spot where, a school-boy all thoughtless I
strayed

By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the
shade.

I thought of the friends who had roamed with
me there,

When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were
so fair,—

All scattered!—all sundered by mountain and
wave,

And some in the silent embrace of the grave!

I thought of the green banks that circled around,
With wild-flower, sweet-briar, and eglantine
crown'd;

I thought of the river, all quiet and bright
As the face of the sky on a blue summer night:

And I thought of the trees under which we had
strayed,

Of their broad leafy boughs, with their coolness
of shade;

And I hoped, though disfigured, some token to
find

Of the names, and the carving, impressed on
the rind.

All eager, I hastened the scene to behold,
Rendered sacred and dear by the feelings of old;

And I deemed that, unaltered, my eye should
explore
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yore.
'Twas a dream !—not a token or trace could I
view,
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I
knew :
Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,
“ Like a tale that is told,”—they all vanished
away.

And methought the lone river, that murmured
along,
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its song.
Since the birds that had nestled and warbled
above,
Had all fled from its banks at the fall of the grove.
I paused :—and the moral came home to my
heart :—
Behold, how of earth all the glories depart ;
Our visions are baseless—our hopes but a gleam—
Our staff but a reed—our life but a dream.
Then, O, let us look—let our prospects allure—
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that endure,
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime
O'er the blightings of Change, and the ruin of
time.

Anon.

THE HOUR FOR DEEP DEVOTION.

WHEN the lunar light is leaping
On the streamlet and the lake ;

When the winds of Heaven are sleeping,
 And the nightingale awake :—
 While mirror'd in the ocean
 The bright orbs of Heaven appear.—
 'Tis the hour of deep devotion—
 Lift thy soul to Heaven in prayer.

When the autumn breeze is sighing
 Through the leafless forest wide ;
 And the flowers are dead or dying,
 Once the sunny garden's pride ;—
 When the yellow leaves in motion,
 Are seen whirling on the air,
 'Tis an hour for deep devotion—
 Lift thy soul to Heaven in prayer !

On his power and greatness ponder,
 When the torrent, and the gale,
 And the cataract and thunder,
 In one fearful chorous swell :
 Amidst nature's wild emotion
 Is thy soul oppressed with care ?
 'Tis the hour of deep devotion—
 Lift thy soul to Him in prayer.

In sorrow, and in sickness,
 And in poverty and pain ;
 And in vigour, or in weakness,
 On the mountain, or the plain :
 In the desert, or the ocean,—
 To the throne of love repair :
 All are hours for deep devotion—
 Lift thy soul to Heaven in prayer.

Vedder.

THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall;
A joy thou art and a wealth to all !
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee ?
Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles,
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles ?
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.
To the solemn depths of the forest's shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green
arcades:
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy
glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below .
I look'd to the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array :
Thou breakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame ?
I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot,
But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.
To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.
Thou tak'st thro' the dim church-aisles thy way
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to-day
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
 Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave :
 Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
 Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer ! oh ! what is like thee,
 Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea ?
 One thing is like thee to mortals given—
 The faith touching all things with hues of
 heaven !

Mrs. Hemans.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

When Disappointment breaks the magic wand,
 That Hope held out so joyous and so bland,
 And yields the soul to that dark secret sorrow
 That knows no brightening ray to cheer the
 morrow,

Then comes the pressure on the heart so drear,
 The lone repining and the moody fear,
 And, more than these, the mind's self harrowing
 strife,

When vainly wrestling with the ills of life,
 We look around, and almost wish to die,
 To spread the spirit's wings and upward fly !
 But what shall gently soothe the stricken soul,
 And in celestial music o'er it roll ?

Is it the guide philosophy can give ?
 No ! 'tis the Christian's hope in Heaven to live !

Robert Rose

THE PENITENT'S RETURN.

My father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty ! Yet around,
Something, amid the dewy calm profound,
Broods, never mark'd before !

Is it the brooding night ?
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the home so tranquil and so fair,
O'erwhelming to my sight ?

All solemnized it seems,
And still'd and darken'd in each time-worn hue,
Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
As now by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and linger'd—where my sisters made
Our mother's bower—I deem'd not that it cast
So far and dark a shade !

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree ! My father's place was
there
At evening hours, while soft winds war'd his hair !
Now these gray locks are gone !

My soul grows faint with fear !
Even as if angel steps had mark'd the sod.
I tremble where I move—the voice of God
Is in the foliage here !

Is it, indeed, the night
That makes my home so awful ! Faithless
hearted !

'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed,
The inborn gladdening light !

No outward thing is changed;
 Only the joy of purity is fled,
 And, long, from Nature's melodies estranged,
 Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore, the calm abode
 By thy dark spirit is o'erhung with shade,
 And therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God
 Makes thy sick heart afraid.

The night-flowers round that door,
 Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted
 air;

Thou, thou alone art worthy now no more
 To pass, and rest the there!

And must I turn away?
 —Hark, hark!—it is my mother's voice I hear,
 Sadder than once it seem'd—yet soft and clear—
 Doth she not seem to pray?

My name!—I caught the sound!
 Oh! blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild—
 Mother, my mother! now receive thy child,
 Take back the Lost and Found!

Mrs. Hemans.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Around the dying infant's bed there stood
 A mournful group;—each eye betrayed a tear
 Of sympathy;—each countenance bespoke
 The grief concealed within. Yet *one* there was
 Whose deep emotions spoke a nearer tie
 That bound *him* closer than the rest. The sigh,—
 The trickling tear,—the anxious look proclaimed
 A father's grief:—before him lay his child:—

His first-born son, struck by the piercing shaft,
 Of fierce disease, the foul progeny of sin!
 The infant slept :- a solemn stillness dwelt
 Around his couch, nor any sound occurred
 To break his slumbers, or disturb his rest,
 Save of the falling embers, or perchance
 A stifled whisper.

Still the father bent
 With harrowed feelings o'er his sickly child,
 And with a steadfast gaze watch'd every change
 Of Symptom, good or bad. Now hope,
 Now fear, pervades his breast, and on each sigh
 He wings a prayer to heaven. Heaven heard
 His sighs, and, with compassion looked upon
 The suppliant parent; yet still Divine
 Omniscience saw what man saw not, his eye
 Pierced the dread gloom in which futurity
 Lay hid, and made it plain.

The child awoke.
 But, ah! 'twas but the prelude of a sleep,
 Whose slumbers none could break, no sound
 disturb,

Until the trumpet's blast shall echo through
 The universe. Lo! there the monster stood
 In terror clad, and in his hand he grasped
 His dreaded shaft;—such was Heav'n's decree,
 For he, with whom are the years of life
 And death, said, "Strike!" Then with uner-
 ring aim

The fatal arrow fell :—there but remained
 A grasp—a struggle—and the infant died.
 'Twas at that moment mercy infinite,
 Vouchsafed an answer to the parent's prayer,
 And, in sweet tones of love, it whispered forth,

As once it whispered in the days of old,
 'My grace suffices thee.'

Found the pale corpse,
 Behold them sadly kneel, and bowing down
 In lowly adoration—praise that God
 Whose goodness gives, whose wisdom takes away.
 'Tis nature weeps—their inmost souls rejoice,
 In prospect of the bliss he now enjoys,
 And which they long to prove, rejoice,—that
 death
 Has lost its sting,—the grave its victory.

J. L.

THE SEASONS: *

I've seen the beauteous flowers of Spring
 Bud, blossom, and decay;
 I've heard the sweetest warblers sing,
 And watch'd them flit away.
 I've seen enchanting Summer rise,
 Fresh from her rosy bed,
 And scatter, through the humid skies,
 Rich fragrance as she fled :—
 But, ah! she too, so fair, so gay,
 In smiles and blushes pass'd away.
 I've seen, when yellow Autumn, too,
 Pour'd forth her plenteous horn
 Fruits of each varied form and hue,
 And floods of ripen'd corn.
 While over Nature's changing face,
 A thousand varying dyes
 Have breathed inimitable grace,
 And mimick'd western skies :—

But ah ! I've seen her fruits decay,
And Autumn, too, has pass'd away.

And now dread Winter (stormy sire !)
Begins his cheerless reign,
And the rude heralds of his ire
Wild bluster o'er the plain :
Lock'd in his cold and chilling arms
Creation seems to die ;
And withered are her blooming charms,
When gaz'd on by his eye !
Yet winter shall not always stay,
Stern Winter too, shall pass away.

Nor shall life's dark and wintry storm
Eternally endure :
Death shall dissolve this mortal form,
And lead to scenes more pure,
Where changing seasons are not known,
Where storms can never come ;
That place, the Christian calls his own,
His *best inheritance*, his *home*,
Most prized, because 'twill ne'er decay :
His Spring shall never pass away.

Paulina.

THE STORM CALMED.

'Tis darkness all !—No star appears
Upon the dusky brow of night :
No moon the anxious watcher cheers,
Nor charms him with her gentle light ;

While one small ship, its sails all riven,
Abides the furious blasts of heaven.

Loud, and more loud, the billows roar,
And dash their white foam o'er the deck ;
The storm is fiercer than before ;
And soon that ship must be a wreck ;
But who is this that lies asleep,
While all beside in anguish weep ?

The master wakes from his repose,
And views the storm with look serene ;
He speaks,—the listening water flows
Calm as in Eden's peaceful scene !
The winds his high commands obey,
And in soft whispers die away.

Who is it ? He whose hand hath made
The Heavens, too bright for mortal eye,
And given to earth the cooling shade,
And flowers of every varied dye !
He made the sun's bright axle glow,
And made the obedient waters flow.

Who is it ? He who meekly laid
His pomp of heavenly glory by,
And, in the form of man was made
To atone for sins of deepest dye.
His power, his love, is still the same
And JESUS is the master's name !

Paulina.

REFLECTIONS ON RETIRING TO REST.

It is good, when we lay on the pillow our head,
And the silence of night all around us is spread,

To reflect on the deeds we have done through
the day,

Nor allow it to pass without profit away.

A day—what a trifle!—and yet the amount
Of the days we have pass'd form an awful account :

And the time may arrive when the world we
would give,

Were it ours, might we have but another to live.

In whose service have we through the day been
employ'd,

And what are the pleasures we mostly enjoy'd?
Our desires and our wishes to what did they
tend—

To the world we are in, or the world without end?

Hath the sense of his presence encompass'd us
round,

Without whom not a sparrow can fall to the
ground?

Have our hearts turn'd to him with devotion
most true,

Or been occupied only with things that we view?

Have we often reflected how soon we must go,

To the mansions of bliss, or the regions of woe?

Have we felt unto God a repentance sincere,

And in faith to the Saviour of sinners drawn near?

Let us now with ourselves solemn conference
hold,

Ere sleep's silken fetters our senses enfold ;

And forgiveness implore for the sins of the day

Nor allow them to pass unrepented away.

Bentham.

THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY
KNOW.

THOUGH earth has full many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show ;
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy, and bright,
To the hopes of the heart, and the spirit's glad
sight,
Is the land which no mortal may know.

There the water of life bursting forth from the
throne,

Flows on, and for ever will flow ;
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling, with beauty and
life,

In the land which no mortal may know.

Oh ! who but must pine, in this dark vale of tears
From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the
love,

Of the land which no mortal may know.

Barton.

TIME'S CHANGES.

By the side of his cheerful winter's hearth
An old man sat with a tear-dimm'd eye :
He took no heed of his children's mirth,
But mournfully thought of the days gone by.
Sadly he fixed his sorrowing gaze
Where his useless sword now rusty hung :

A trophy of prouder, and happier days,
Whose memories yet around him clung.

Though his nerveless arm could no longer wield,
With a warrior's grasp, the conquering blade,
He had borne it so oft in the battle field,
That it grieved him to see its lustre fade.

"Rest thou in peace! my trusty steel,"
At length he said in a faltering tone;
"Well does my time-worn spirit feel
Its powers, like thine, have past and gone.

Great is the change that in thee I trace,
Since first I girded thee on my side;
And for me, the crutch has taken thy place,
My weak and tottering steps to guide!"

The veteran paused in his pensive mood,
Wrapp'd in the visions of former years—
While his favourite son beside him stood,
Mutely watching his falling tears.

But as soon as he saw the transient feeling,
Like a shadowy cloud from his brow depart,
Then at his feet in silence kneeling,
He press'd his hand to his throbbing heart.

A change in the old man's mind was wrought;
And he said, as he look'd at his darling boy,
"Do I speak of the griefs that years have brought,
And forget that they also have yielded joy?"

Oh! is it not sweet to be thus beguiled
Of the pangs that embitter a long life's close,
By the tender cares of a duteous child,
Who soothes so kindly a parent's woes?

Then wherefore should I, like one forsaken,
For the vanished glories of youth repine ;
When the vigour that time from my arm has
taken—

It has given, my noble boy, to thine ?

Rosa.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Soldier, go—but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses ;
Turn no wishful eye of youth,
Where the sunny beam reposes ;
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through :
Close behind thee gulfs are burning—
Forward !—there is no returning.
Soldier, rest—but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow ;
On the rock thy couch must be,
While around thee chafes the billow :
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Wearier than another's waking ;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking,
Sleep, as on the battle-field,
Girded—grasping sword and shield :
Those thou canst not name or number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done ;
Lo, the hosts of hell are flying,
’Twas thy Lord the battle won ;
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream— before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory :
Hark !—what songs of rapture rise,
These proclaim the victor’s story,
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown :
Triumph ! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and death has vanished,
Charlotte Elizabeth.

THE RIGHTEOUS BLESSED IN DEATH.

How bless’d the righteous when he dies, .
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o’er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys :
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
" How bless'd the righteous when he dies."
Mrs. Barbauld.

THE SABBATH.

Dear is the hallowed morn to me
When village bells awake the day :
And by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.
And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord !
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.
And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.
In secret I have often prayed,
And still the anxious tear would fall ;
But on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.
Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in his six-days chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.
Then dear to me the sabbath morn,
The village bells, the shepherd's voice ;

These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid my heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms,
Our's be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

Cunningham.

THY WILL BE DONE.

It is a short and simple prayer,
But 'tis the christian's stay,
Through every varied scene of care,
Until his dying day.

As through the wilderness of life
Calmly he wanders on,
His prayer in every time of strife
Is still, "Thy will be done!"

When in his happy infant years
He treads 'midst thornless flowers;
When pass away his smiles and tears
Like April suns and showers:
Then, kneeling by his parents' hearth,
Play-tired, at set of sun,
What is the prayer he murmurs forth?
—"Father, thy will be done."

When the bright summer-sky of time,
Cloudless, is o'er him spread;
When love's bright wreath is in its prime,
With not one blossom dead:
Whilst o'er his hopes, and prospects fair,
No mist of woe hath gone;

Still, he repeats his first taught prayer—
“Father, thy will be done.”

But when his sun no longer beams,
And love's sweet flowers decay;
When all hope's rainbow-coloured dreams
Are sadly swept away:
As a flower bent beneath the storm
Still fragrantly breathes on;
So when dark clouds life's heaven deform,
He prays, “Thy will be done!”

And when the winter of his age
Sheds o'er his locks its snows;
When he can feel his pilgrimage
Fast drawing to a close:
Then, as he finds his strength decline,
This is his prayer alone:
“To thee my spirit I resign—
Father! thy will be done!”

Mary Ann Brown.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadows dim her way.
So grant we, God, from every care,
And sinful passion free,

Through pure religion's clearer air,
To hold my course to thee !
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs ;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

H O P E.

Reflected on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow ;
So tranquil in the heavens above,
So restless on the waves below.
Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.
Bishop Heber.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

LORD of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer,
Before thy throne I bow ;
I bless thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.
Humbly, O Lord, I come to Thee,
Sinful before thee fall ;
My Saviour's blood my only plea,
My life, my hope, my all ;

Clothe me in the Redeemer's dress,
His spotless robe of righteousness.

I pray thy grace my wayward heart,
From this vain world to free ;
The riches of thy love impart
To live alone to thee :
Take me and claim me for thine own—
O make me thine and thine alone.

O may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow !
To thee and to thy glory live—
Dead to all else below :
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

With prayer, my humble praise I bring,
For mercies day by day ;
Lord, teach my heart thy love to sing—
Lord, teach me how to pray.
All that I have, I am, to Thee
I offer through eternity.

Thou, blessed God, hast been my guide,
Through life my guard and friend ;
Yet still throughout life's wearied tide
Preserve me to the end :
And when this life's sad journey's past,
Receive me to thyself at last.

In my Redeemer's name, for all
These blessings I implore ;
Prostrate, O Lord, before thee fall,
And gratefully adore ;
Bend from thy throne of earth and skies,
And bless my evening sacrifice.

;

TWILIGHT.

OH ! Twilight ! spirit that doth render birth
 To dim enchantment, melting Heaven and Earth,
 Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
 A softness, like the atmosphere of dreams :
 Thy hour to all is welcome ! faint and sweet
 Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward
 feet

When slow returning from his task of toil
 He sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
 And though such radiance round him brightly
 glows

Marks the small spark his cottage window throws,
 Still as his heart prest all his weary pace,
 Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
 Recalls the treasures of his narrow life,
 His rosy children, and his sunburnt wife,
 To whom his coming is the chief event,
 Of simple days in cheerful labour spent,
 The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,
 And those poor cottagers have only cast,
 One careless glance on all that show of pride,
 Then to their tasks turn quietly aside ;
 But him they wait for, him they welcome home,
 Fond sentinels look forth to see him come.
 The faggot sent for when the fire grows dim
 The frugal meal prepared are all for him :
 For him the watching of that sturdy boy,
 For him those smiles of tenderness and joy,
 For him—who plods his sauntering way along
 Whistling the fragment of some village song.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

OLD ENGLAND.

OLD ENGLAND! thou hast green and pastoral hills,
Fanned by delicious gales,
And living voices of harmonious rills,
Sound in thy sylvan vales.

Under the shadow of primeval trees,
'Mid whispering of green leaves,
Stand cheerful groups of white-walled cottages,
Flower-mantled to the eaves.

And thou hast loving hearts, both high and low,
And homes where bliss abides,
And little children that rejoicing go
By flowery streamlet sides.

And thou hast many a hill and forest glade,
That to the past belong;
Many a brown moor and crumbling ruin, made
Imperishable by song:

As wayside wells, that broad leaves overshadow,
Where pilgrims knelt of old:
And winding paths through many a pleasant
meadow

'Mid flowers of blue and gold:

And thou hast Sabbath bells in old church
towers,

Whose music thrills the air;
And the sweet calm of Sabbath sunset hours,
When every thought is prayer.

And thou hast grassy graves set side by side,
The high-born and the lowly,
By common griefs, by common death allied,
In ground that tears make holy.

Graves, Sabbath worship, village homes and men,
Old England ! these are thine ;
And spots made famous by the sword and pen,
Till each one is a shrine ;
Oh, glory-crown'd England ! thou hast these—
Hast these, and still hast more—
The empire of the tributary seas
That lave thine island shore.
And wherefore is the tributary sea
As a liege subject given ?—
To bear forth knowledge, truth, and liberty,
To each land under heaven ;—
To knit thee to all people ;—everywhere
To make thy knowledge known ;
To make thine influence like God's common air,
Extend from zone to zone !

Mary Howett.

THE EVENING HOUR.

SWEET evening hour ! sweet evening hour !
That calms the air, and shuts the flower ;
That brings the wild bee to its nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.
Sweet hour ! that bids the labourer cease ;
That gives the weary team release ;
And leads them home, and crowns them there,
With rest and shelter, food and care.
Oh ! season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat !

Yes, lovely hour ! thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb ;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

Then, trembling through the dewy skies,
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels, calm, reclining there,
And gazing on this world of care.

Sweet hour ! for heavenly musing made—
When Isaac walked and Daniel prayed ;
When Abram's offering God did own ;
And Jesus loved to be alone.

Rev. H. F. Lyte.

THE NATIVE LAND.

“ He who loves not his country, can love nothing.”
BYRON.

They bore him from his barren shore,
The country of his birth—
From leafless wastes and icefields hoar,
And all most loved on earth,
They asked him but to leave his tribe,
And then he should command
Riches and wealth—and for that bribe
He left his native land.

They shewed him sunny islands spread
Beneath unclouded skies.
Where orange groves waved over head,
And glanced the bright fire-flies :
They carried him to beauteous bowers.
By fragrant breezes fanned :

What cared he for their trees and flowers?
'Twas not his native land.

On through the waters flew the bark,
And Albion's white cliffs rose :
He would have been more glad to mark
The glare of his own snows.
And many a blithe and joyous sound
Came from the crowded strand ;
But coldly glanced his eye around,—
'Twas not his native land !

They shewed him many a princely dome,
And many a scene of mirth :—
Oh ! he had happier been at home,
Beside his own loved hearth !
They led him to the busy mart,—
But while the crowd he scanned,
It brought no pleasure to his heart,—
'Twas not his native land !

Strangers were kind to him, and tried
Vainly, to make him blest ;
But all their efforts he defied—
His bosom knew no rest.
He saw a mother fondly kiss
The infant in her hand,
And anguish wrung his heart, for his
Was in his native land.

There is an innate feeling clings
Around our human clay,
A fondness for familiar things
That will not wear away,
But oft consumes the heart it keeps
Twined in its deathless band ;—

Even so was he, and now he sleeps
Far from his native land.

Mary Ann Crowne.

EPIGRAM.

In crowds how often solitude I feel,
Having with none a sympathetic share !
But when to sacred solitude I steal,
I'm in society, for God is there !

James Edmeston.

CONSOLATION FOR MORTALITY.

By Bryant, an American Poet.

Yet a few days, and thee
The all beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course: nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image—Earth, that nourished thee, shall
claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould;
Yet not to thy earthly resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish

Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth. the wise, and good—
Fair forms and hoary seers, of ages past—
All in one mighty Sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured
 round all,
Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages—all that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom—take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce
Or lose thou thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sounds
Save its own dashings; yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone,
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom: yet all these shall leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall
 come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long
 train

Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the grey-headed man—
 Shall one by one be gathered by thy side
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.
 So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To that mysterious realm; where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and
 soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

- — -

PRINCE OF PEACE.

“He is our peacc.—”—Ephes. 11—14.

PRINCE of peace ! control my will,
 Bid this struggling heart be still ;
 Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
 Hush my spirit into peace :
 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
 Open'd wide the gate to God:
 Peace, I ask—but peace must be,
 Lord, in being one with thee.

Thou, who still'd the raging deep,
Placidly to child-like sleep ;
Thou, whose voice the maniac heard,
Knew, and straight confessed his Lord ;
Thou, who hush'd the mourners cry
Mid maternal agony,—

Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Faith, and perfect peace impart.

King of Salem ! strong to save,
No ecstatic joy I crave ;
Let thy spirit's soothing calm
Glide into my soul like balm :
Raise my heart to things above,
Modulate my soul to love :
May thy will, not mine, be done !
May thy will and mine be one !

Saviour ! at thy feet I fall :
Thou, my life, my God, my all !
Lord of glory, I am thine ;
Let thy peace around me shine,
And thy happy servant be
One with God, and one with thee.

THOUGHTS

On hearing the Church-bells chime.

Ye gentle winds, O waft again that swell,
So soft and sweet, across the deepen'd dell ;
Speak to my heart, and not my ear alone,
The hallow'd music of your chasten'd tone ;
Chime not in vain, sweet bells, but faithful say,
To rich and poor, neglect me not to day ! *

Oft have I heard your sacred sounds, and made
Some faint excuse your summons to evade;
But now, to languor and disease a prey,
How dotily dear appears this hallow'd day
O prove a Sabbath to my mind indeed,
A holy day, from worldly subjects freed.
Aloft my soul, may dove like pinions bear
Thee far above this atmosphere of care;
Yes, onward bear, till thou a Pisgah's view
Of Canaan blest obtain—Jerus'lem New.
Here let my spirit rest, nor back convey
Me down the hills of sin's backsliding way.
Rather, like Moses, let me absent be
From all I love on earth, if safe with thee,
To *die*, with heaven in view, is *life* exchanged;
To live without it, *death*, from thee estranged.
Here, Lord, my forehead with thy cygnet stamp,
If life be spared, supply with oil my lamp.
That hence, how dark so'er my way may be,
Thy light may guide, thy seal may rescue me;
And when my Sabbaths on this earth are o'er,
Admit me where blest Sabbaths end no more.

SONG OF A WINTER WIND.

I come—but not as in early spring,
To open the leaves just blossoming;
To fill the air with sweet perfume
I've culled from flowers of fragrant bloom;
To kiss beauty's cheek and on it throw
A fresher tint and deeper glow.

I come—but not with refreshing balm
Such as I bear on a summer's calm,

When the burning brow and panting breast
By heat of the noontide sun oppress'd
Gently woo me then to bestow
The cooling breeze they would gladly know.

I come—but not with the under-song
As in autumn days I sweep along,
When the rustling showers of leaves reveal
My steps, as through the trees I steal;
Though drooping flowers attest, my breath
Even then has power to scatter death.

I come—but my voice now loudly calls
When at midnight's dreary hour it falls
On the half-aroused, half-sleeping ear,
And many a breast it fills with fear,
As near in the lofty trees it howls,
Then dies away in distant growls.
From the mother's eye I frighten sleep
With thoughts of her son on the troubled deep,
Where loudly I sang his funeral dirge
As he sunk beneath the closing surge,
Ere I hastened away to tell the tale,
In forboding fears to his mother pale.

But my voice can grief and terror give
To those who in comfort or splendour live !
And the merchant thinks of his good ship
Whose timbers asunder I could rip,
Scatt'ring his wealth on the ocean's bed,
To him and his heirs for ever dead.

Yet there is One whose sovereign sway
It is mine to own and to obey ;
And when he speaks the word " Be still,"
Straightway obedient to his will,

Hushed is the tumult which lately raged,
And all my violence is assuaged.

Henry Thornton.

THE BETTER LAND.

I HEAR thee speak of the better land ;
Thou call'st its children a happy band :
Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore,—
Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle
boughs ?

“ Not there, not there, my child.”

Is it where feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?

“ Not there, not there, my child.”

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?

“ Not there, not there, my child.”

‘ Eye hath not seen, it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there !

Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb
 "It is there, it is there, my child."

Hemans.

SABBATH EVENING.

ANOTHER day has pass'd along,
 And we are nearer to the tomb ;
 Nearer to join the heavenly song,
 Or hear the last eternal doom.

These moments of departing day,
 When thought is calm, and labours cease.
 Are surely solemn times to pray,
 To ask for pardon and for peace.

Thou God of mercy, swift to hear,
 More swift than man to tell his need ;
 Be THOU to us this evening near,
 And to thy fount our spirits lead.

Teach us to pray—and, having taught,
 Grant us the blessing that we crave ;
 Without thy teaching—prayer is nought,
 But with it—powerful to save !

Sweet is the light of Sabbath Eve,
 And soft the sunbeam lingering where
 Those sacred hours this low earth leave,
 Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.

This time, how lovely and how still !
 Peace shines, and smiles on all below ;
 The plains, the stream, the wood, the hill,
 All fair with evening's setting glow !

Season of Rest ! the tranquil soul
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love ;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

How short the time, how soon the sun
Sets ! and dark night resumes her reign !
And soon the hours of rest are gone,
Then morrow brings the world again.

Yet will our journey not be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod :
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

• *Edleston.*

EUTAPHIA.

L. E. L.

THE shrine has crumbled amid alien dust,
The heart, o'er wrought, has given up its trust ;
But the clear tones of that impassioned lyre
Above the rushing Future shall aspire.
Crush not the mouldering clay with marble
praise,
Her memory is eternal in her lays.

J. Lockean.

NELSON.

WHEN Trafalgar's tremendous fight was won,
And Freedom sacrificed her favourite son ;

Britannia, throned upon the heaving sea,
 Stained with her tears the pomp of victory :
 And gladly would have flung away the fame,
 Her hero gained, his spirit to reclaim.

J. L.

THE CHILD IN A GARDEN.

Child of the flowing locks and laughing eye,
 Culling with hasty glee the flow'rets gay,
 Or chasing with light feet the butterfly ;
 I love to mark thee at thy frolic play.

Near thee I see thy father stand ;
 His anxious eye pursues thy roving track,
 And oft with warning voice, and beck'ning hand,
 He checks thy speed and gently draws thee back.

Why dost thou meekly yield to his decree ?
 Fair boy, his fond regard to thee is known ;
 He does not check thy joys from tyranny—
 Thou art his loved, his cherish'd, and his own.

When worldly lures, in manhood's coming hour,
 Tempt thee to wander from discretion's way,
 Oh ! grasp not eagerly the offer'd flowers ;
 Pause, if thy heavenly Father bid thee stay.

Pause, and in him revere a friend and guide,
 Who does not willingly thy faults reprove ;
 But ever, when thou rovest from his side,
 Watches to win thee back with pitying love.

Mrs. Abby.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

" Seest thou that dying Soldier on the ground
 Whose life is ebbing from a ghastly wound ?
 He hath no bed, except the frozen snow,
 No friend to wipe the death-damp from his brow
 His eye is struggling through the mist afar
 To catch the glimmer of that feeble star :
 Why doth he seek its light so faint and dim ?
 It is no star of hope, alas, to him !
 Ay— but it shineth on his quiet home
 That rest of peace, were war has never come.
 Within his fancy, even now, he sees
 The old thatched roof beneath the linden trees
 The cradle, where his youngest infant sleeps,
 Rock'd by his widow'd wife, who bends and weeps
 He sees his children that around her kneel,
 And try to calm the grief they cannot feel."

THE MASSACRE OF THE PROTESTANTS
AT PARIS,

August 24, 1572.

St. Bartholomew's day ! we remember the time,
 So fearfully dark in the annals of crime,
 When France saw her thousands who worshipp'd
 the Lord,
 Fall, hewn to the ground by Rome's treacherous
 sword ;

When her blood-hounds raged fierce to unpeople
 the land,
 When a king* on his flock turn'd his butchering
 hand;
 And the old and the young, and the weak
 and the brave,
 Distinguish'd were cast into one common
 grave.
 Thou smilest proud harlot ! perchance at the
 thought
 Which Bartholomew's day to our memory hath
 brought ;
 And high on the throne, in thy purple and pride
 The woes of our Martyrs canst calmly decide.
 But deep on the heart lies the guilt of that day ;
 The shrieks of the dying have not passed away,
 The cry of their blood hath ascended to heav'n,
 And a day for dread vengeance will surely be giv'n.
 Thine eye glares with hatred, thy proud lip is
 curled
 With a smile of contempt which defies the whole
 world,
 But mark it, thou drunken with holiest blood !
 The day of thy plagues will come in as a flood ;
 The year of the Lord's purchased people draws
 nigh,
 And the light of his coming will flash on thine eye.
 We look on the blood which thy right hand hath
 spilt ;
 We joy for our Martyrs, we mourn for thy guilt ;

* From the windows of his palace the king fired on his
 Protestant subjects.

Though thy brow is as brass, and thy heart is as
 steel,
 And thou laugh'st at our words for *thy* woes
 can feel,
 The smoke of thy burning to heav'n will ascend,
 The shrieks of thy tortures, the deep hell will
 rend;
 While loud hallelujahs triumphant proclaim,
 God hath punished thy guilt, and avenged his
 great name.

M. A. Stodart.

TO MISS P—— AND HER SISTER EMILY.

On their presenting their minister with guides to the col-
 lects, psalms, &c. to aid him in performing the public
 service of the church.

My natal days return you greet
 With a remembrance kind and meet;
 Affection's gift, more prized by me
 Than gems out of the mine or sea.—
 A present to assist me where
 We love to join in praise and prayer.
 A guide thus faithful may I prove,
 To lead *you* to the realms above!

B. R.

TO MISS BEATRICE P——,

On her making a birth-day present.
 The little gift your hands have made
 Does your affection prove;
 May we, when life's last flowers shall fade,
 Meet in a world of love!

B. R.

THOUGHTS.

ON ISAIAH, xvii. 24.

SICKNESS and pain, and sin and death no more
 For thou wilt guide me with thine own right
 hand,

And bring me to Immanuel's happy land.
 There shall I see by angel hosts adored,
 And saints in light—my Saviour and my Lord
 Despised *once* when earth *as man* he trod,
 All glorious *now* upon the throne of God

Francis Thurland.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE the God of all creation :
 Praise the Father's boundless love,
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
 Priest and King enthroned above.
 Praise the fountain of salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live .
 Undivided adoration,
 To the one Jehovah give.

Conder.

FINIS.

